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SELENA KITT

Daumgartners
**Empty
Nest**

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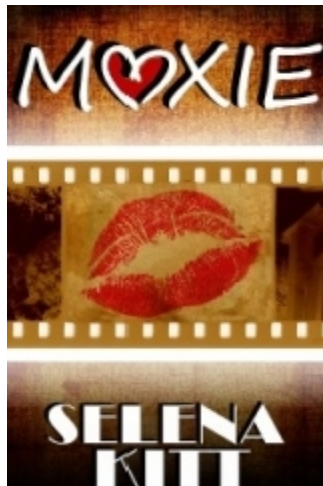
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BOOK DESCRIPTION

For the first time in years, Carrie Baumgartner doesn't have any chicks in the nest—all the fledglings have flown the coop and she's finally got her sexy, energetic husband all to herself! Doc suggests they take advantage of this newfound freedom, and his adventurous wife has no objections. She intends to enjoy their little nest, preferably in every room, in every position they can possibly imagine.

But an empty house has its echoes, and while Doc buys a new muscle car and considers retiring from his practice to mark his mid-life crisis, his wife experiences a much deeper quandry. Carrie has been in communication with someone from her past, and their relationship has blossomed into something no one expected. Things with Jody are so intense, it scares her a little, and even her usually open-minded husband has his reservations.

When Carrie and Doc go on a hot, fun-in-the-sun vacation to their Florida Keys timeshare, couple time is interrupted by a very sexy, but distraught third. Jody's in trouble and has nowhere else to turn. Of course, the Baumgartners offer their assistance—and even their bed. But this is the kind of threesome the polyamorous couple could never have imagined, even in their wildest fantasies, and it's about to turn everything upside down.

If you thought the Baumgartners were uninhibited before, you're about to see what it's like when they really let their freak-flag fly. Join them down where it's hot, moist and humid—and where the surprises sometimes come faster than they do!

IF YOU LIKE THE BAUMGARTNERS,
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Baumgartners Empty Nest

By Selena Kitt

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Chapter One

It was the wedding invitation that finally did her in.

Which was ridiculous, because she knew it was coming. Carrie had talked to Libby just the week before, about going to help her future daughter-in-law pick out her wedding dress, and Libby had mentioned that she and Henry had finished writing out the envelopes. Which likely meant that Libby had finished them. Carrie knew her son well, and Henry had never been one for sitting still too long in one place with a pen and paper if he could help it.

But when she saw that creamy white envelope and the calligraphic script, felt the weight of the thing in her hand, it made it all real. Her baby was getting married.

And it was even sillier, because Janie had already gotten married, and they'd been grandparents for quite a while now.

So when Doc came in and found her sitting cross-legged on the big kitchen island counter, a wine glass in one hand, the invitation in the other—by that point, Carrie was just a great big mess of tipsy tears—she had a hard time telling him what, exactly, was the matter. Because she knew how absurd it sounded.

She was honestly overjoyed that Henry and Libby were getting married. She'd even given her son his grandmother's wedding ring, the one Carrie had been wearing since she'd married Steven "Doc" Baumgartner, the one he'd proposed with, down on one knee in the wet sand. It had been his mother's ring, and her mother's before that.

Carrie liked thinking of that lineage, of her daughter-in-law wearing that ring, and passing it down to her son or daughter someday. Carrie didn't have any family of her own—the Baumgartners were her only family. Henry would pass on the Baumgartner name, and that ring would be passed down, too. It made her happy to think about it—but it made her sad, too. She looked down at her left hand, still empty. Doc had promised her another ring, but had yet to deliver.

"What's this all about?" He cocked his head, seeing her up on her perch.

She took a gulp of her wine and tasted the salt of her own tears on her lips.

Doc shrugged off his coat and flung it and his briefcase onto the table, coming over to the island where she sat. Carrie opened her mouth to say something, but nothing came out. Instead, she handed over the invitation, feeling the weight of it as it slipped from her hand into his. Doc read the envelope and then slid the invitation out. The little RSVP card fluttered to the floor along with a bit of tissue paper as he scanned the contents of the card.

"I don't see any tragedies here." He squinted at it, looking closer. "Everything seems spelled right. Did they get someone's name wrong?"

"No, it's perfect." Carrie let out a strangled little laugh. "Perfectly perfect."

"So then... what are the tears about?" Doc's brow wrinkled as he tossed the invitation onto the island beside her, putting a palm on either side of her and leaning in closer. His dark eyes searched hers. How many times had she looked into those eyes over the years? She wondered. She couldn't hide much from this man, not anymore. He knew her like no one else ever had, or likely, ever would.

"Doc..." She bit her lip, worrying it between her teeth. She didn't know how to say it, how exactly to express the ache in her chest. "Oh Doc, I knew it was coming, but... getting it in the mail... I don't know..."

"Honey, you helped Libby pick out the wedding invitations," he reminded her gently, a little smile playing on his lips. "We kind of knew this day was coming."

"I know." She sniffed, putting her glass of wine down and wrapping her arms around his neck. Doc stepped in closer, letting her put her cheek against his shoulder as he slipped his arms around her waist. "It's just that... I guess this means the nest is officially empty."

He chuckled. "The kids haven't lived here full time in years."

"I know, I know." She shook her head. It wasn't rational—she couldn't explain it. But every time she thought about watching Henry walk his long-time-girlfriend, now-fiancée, down the aisle, her eyes filled up with tears. "You know who I've been thinking about today?"

"Me?" Doc nuzzled her neck, nosing her thick, honey-colored hair out of the way. "I didn't want to go in this morning. You looked so delicious when I came out of the shower, all naked and sleeping. You make me want to take every day off and spend every minute in bed with you."

“Besides you.” She smiled, tilting her chin up, letting him feather kisses over her collarbone. His mouth gave her shivers, his breath hot between her cleavage.

“Who?” he murmured, clearly distracted by the swell of her breasts. She’d had two showings of a house today and had dressed sexy-but-professional. Her blouse was a creamy, rose-colored satin, unbuttoned two buttons, just enough to draw attention to the curve of her breasts, but not too much.

“Holly.”

His head came up at the mention of her name, his eyebrows rising in surprise. It had been a surprise to her too. It wasn’t that she didn’t often think about the baby they’d almost adopted. She did. She wondered about her, about where she was, how she was, after their paths had diverged. Although, to be honest, she thought about it less and less over the years. Mostly on the anniversaries—Holly’s birthday, the day of her placement with them in foster care. The day she was taken away.

But today, she’d actually dug into the back of her desk drawer and found the envelope, a pink congratulations card inside they’d received soon after Holly’s placement. Also inside were pictures, what she had left, of the brief time she’d held the baby in her arms. She’d never gotten pregnant easily, and being a foster child herself, Carrie had been keen on fostering at least one baby. Holly’s arrival had been a dream come true, in so many ways. She had been symbolic of how far Carrie had come from her own time as a foster child.

But then the dream had been shattered, and they had agreed, no more. It would be too painful to go through that kind of loss again, Doc argued—and he’d been the one to hold her when she woke sobbing at night, or felt like she couldn’t get out of bed in the morning because the sorrow weighed so heavily—and she knew he was right. She had told herself, even when Holly lived with them, that she shouldn’t get attached, but she couldn’t help herself. So she had mourned the loss of Holly, and then of the idea of having another baby at all.

But today, thinking about Henry getting married, of having babies of his own soon, had made her think of what it was like to hold a baby in her arms again.

“No baby-fever, Mrs. Baumgartner.” He slowly tugged her blouse out of the waistband of her skirt in back, his big hands gliding over her skin. “We’re grandparents for God’s sake.”

“Oh, I know.” She pulled him closer, parting her thighs, letting her skirt ride up as she squeezed him between her thighs. “I wasn’t considering it. I was just... thinking about it.”

Sometimes it was hard to believe that she was a grandmother—she didn’t feel old enough to be one. But Janie and Josh’s wedding had been a grand New York affair, and the baby who followed the sweetest little girl in the world. Eden, they’d called her, and to Carrie, who could hardly put the little pink bundle down during her first visit after the birth, her granddaughter was paradise on earth. But Janie and Josh and Eden were far away, in New York, and while she hated watching her grandbaby grow up via bi-weekly Skype sessions, she knew they couldn’t move to New York. And Josh was an agent, he had to stay where the money was, even if Janie could write anywhere. Besides, Doc’s practice was here. Their roots were here.

“What were you thinking, exactly?” Doc lifted her chin, studying her face, his dark eyes quizzical. “You miss being a mama?”

“Not exactly.” She wrinkled her nose. That much was true. Late night feedings and walking the floor with a baby were in the past. She enjoyed doing it with her granddaughter—but she also enjoyed giving Eden back to her mama. Being a grandparent was like the best of both worlds. “I don’t want to be a new mother again. I just... I guess I feel like I’m standing on a dock, watching a boat sail away into the sunset that I just know I’m never going to see again. It makes me sad.”

“You think your ship has sailed?”

“I know it has.” She gave a long, deep sigh. Doc chuckled, shaking his head and burying it in her hair, arms encircling her. His hand moved up the soft skin of her back, under her blouse, finding the hooks of her bra and expertly releasing them. She sighed in relief, shaking her shoulders and letting her bra loosen. She hadn’t realized how constricted she felt.

“Well, maybe that ship has sailed,” he murmured against her ear, his breath warm, making her melt against him. “But what if I told you, there’s another ship waiting at the dock. Just waiting for you to climb on board.”

“What’s on that ship?” She snorted. “Gray hair, saggy tits and dentures?”

“Mmm—maybe, someday.” His palms slid over her ribcage, moving up to cup her bare breasts in his hands, moving her bra fully out of the way. “But right now, they still feel pretty damned firm to me.”

“I don’t want to get fat and wear Depends.” She leaned back a little to look at him, but his gaze was on her chest, at his hands caressing her under her blouse. “Do you know what I found the other day? A gray hair in my eyebrows!”

He chuckled. “You’d probably find gray in your pubic hair too, if you had any.”

“Doc!” She laughed and slapped his shoulder.

“Look at me.” He cocked his head, side to side, showing her his temples, where streaks of silver were starting to show in his thick, dark curls. “I’m embracing my gray.”

“Oh, it just makes men look more distinguished,” she scoffed. His hands kneaded her flesh, and she gasped when his thumbs brushed her nipples. She watched him heft the weight of her breasts in his hands, shaking her head. “You don’t know the struggle. Someday, gravity is going to drag these girls to the floor.”

“And my balls will be right there with them.”

She laughed, rolling her eyes. Doc’s head dipped to her chest, pressing her breasts together and kissing her cleavage. Carrie ran her fingers through his hair, smiling at the delight he still took in her body.

“And that’s okay, because you know what?” Doc’s voice was muffled and his five o’clock shadow left her skin red as he rubbed his cheek over her cleavage.

“We’ll be in the same boat?” she guessed, watching him work the buttons on her blouse.

“That ship might have sailed, baby, but your ship has just come in and I’m on it.” Doc grinned, pulling the tail end of her blouse out of the waistband of her skirt.

“Oh, is that what’s on that ship?” She cocked an eyebrow at him.

“That’s right.” He parted her blouse, sliding it down her shoulders, leaving her sitting topless on the kitchen island. His gaze swept hungrily

over her and Carrie felt her ass clench, very aware of the moist throb between her legs. “And look around. We have it all to ourselves.”

“We do, don’t we?” Her eyes lit up when he leaned in and took her bare breasts in his hands again, his tongue make the circles she loved. It drove her wild and she moaned, squirming on the counter.

“How long has it been since you’ve stepped on a Lego?” He stopped to ask, raising one eyebrow at her.

“Or wiped ketchup off the walls,” she mused, looking around her pristine kitchen. Nothing was out of place anymore, because it was only the two of them.

“Or listened for one of the kids creeping up the stairs...” He paused to switch to her other breast, sucking to make it even harder.

“Have to avoid that last one,” Carrie gasped, looking at him through half-closed eyes. “It creaks.”

“Fifth one, too.” He smiled. “I still have to avoid it when I do midnight fridge raids.”

“You’re gonna get fat before I do if you keep it up.” She reached out to squeeze his love-handles, but there really weren’t any. Her hands just slipped over the hard surface of his abdomen. Doc was still just as fit as he’d been when they met in college. He’d been born with a great metabolism, the lucky jerk, even if he got up at midnight to raid the freeze for ice cream.

“It will just make me look distinguished right?” He laughed when she slapped his shoulder again, and reached out to cup her face in his hands. “I love seeing you smile.”

His mouth captured hers, kissing her softly. Carrie let out a little breath, surrendering to him, letting her body relax into his, the buttons on his shirt biting into her chest as their kiss deepened. No one knew how to kiss her like Doc. His tongue eased between her lips, velvety soft, stroking the roof of her mouth, sending tingly little shivers through her.

Doc’s hands moved to her behind, pulling her closer, and she wrapped her legs around his waist as the kiss deepened, their tongues meshed, her breasts pressed against his hard chest. She began to unbutton his shirt, wanting to feel his hot skin against hers. Her hands roamed over his chest, her fingernails gently grazing his nipples. Her skirt rode up high,

revealing the tops of her thigh-high stockings and the already damp crotch of her panties.

“When was the last time you were topless on the kitchen counter?” Doc breathed, squeezing and kneading her ass, his mouth trailing down her neck. “Can’t do this with kids around.”

“You have an excellent point.” She chuckled as he pushed her down so she was flat on her back on the island, legs hanging over the edge. Doc grabbed her glass of wine before it ended up on the floor, reaching back to put it on the kitchen counter next to the microwave.

He shoved her soft, gray skirt up and pulled her black, lace panties down. Carrie spread her legs for him when he slid them off, gasping as he kissed his way up her thighs, making fat circles with his tongue as he neared her pussy.

“Did you play today?” He brushed a kiss over her smooth mound. “You’re all swollen.”

“A little,” she confessed, flushing with heat. “This morning, after you left...”

“With Jody?” His tongue flicked her clit, just nudging it a little, side to side. Carrie shivered, feeling her nipples harden instantly.

“Yes,” she half-smiled, remembering her Skype session with Jody. That was before she’d gone to work. Before she’d come home to find that creamy white, portentous invitation in her mailbox. Her body came alive when she thought of Jody, the way her mouth trembled just before she came, how her puffy little nipples hardened into sharp points.

“Mmm wish I’d been around to see that.” Doc’s mouth covered her mound and she cried out, his tongue making circles around her aching clit.

“Soon,” Carrie promised, her fingers moving through his hair.

Now she was flushing with more than just pleasure. Her husband was so generous, and their relationship had, at various points, included another woman in their sex life. He had understood, better than she, even, from the very beginning, that Carrie was bisexual, and her need to be with a woman was something that, if repressed or pushed down, would result in disaster for their marriage.

Their last lover had been with them for years. Gretchen had been their nanny and had only recently moved to New York to be a fashion

photographer. But they had been without another woman in their lives for a while now. Too long, probably.

Until Jody.

“Oh Doc,” she whispered, as his fingers slipped into her wetness, curling slowly, deliberately toward him, as if he could draw her orgasm out with that “come here” gesture. “Oh that’s so good.”

“Mmmm,” he agreed, his tongue flattened against her clit now, moving just slightly back and forth, teasing. His fingers twisted and pressed in hard, making her gasp, hips rising. She planted her feet on his shoulders, giving him more access, his fingers probing deeper.

“You want her tongue on you, baby?” Doc teased, flickering his tongue now, just barely grazing her clit. “Her little mouth right here?”

Carrie whimpered, nodding in agreement, picturing it now. It had surprised her, the immediate connection she had with Jody. Maybe it was because they had known each other, although it was so long ago, it felt like another lifetime.

“God, I love your pussy.” Doc began to fuck her with his fingers, and her imagination ran wild— most of it centering on Jody. It was a relief to know that Doc didn’t mind her fantasies— in fact, he encouraged them. He liked it as much as she did, maybe even more. He loved pleasuring her, in every way possible. She sometimes thought she was the luckiest woman on the planet.

“Oh yes, oh Doc, please,” she moaned, lifting her hips higher toward his mouth and tongue.

“Tell me,” he murmured, his fingers making that “come here” gesture deep inside her again. “How much you want her...”

“Oh God, you have no idea.” She moaned, eyes closed, seeing Jody’s sweet lips trembling, eyes half-closed in pleasure, her dark hair spread over the pillow, chest flushed, full breasts rising and falling with her hitched breath.

“You want her tongue right here, baby?” Doc flicked his against her clit. “Right here? Like this?”

“Yes, yes!” Carrie moved with him, her body taut with longing. “Oh fuck! Yes, Jody, yes, make me come! Make me come all over your face!”

Doc devoured her, gulping as she came, holding her hips as waves of pleasure rocked through her. Carrie gasped and squirmed on the kitchen

island as her orgasm throbbed through her pelvis, sending sweet, delicious little shocks all the way down to her toes and into her fingertips.

“Mmmm.” Doc kissed her pussy lips, swollen and wet, quivering, glistening with her juices. “You’re so fucking hot, baby. I can’t stand it.”

“Oh Doc.” Carrie reached for him and he pulled her to him. She sat on the island, wrapping her arms and legs around him, her face pressed into his neck. “I love you so much.”

“I love you too.” He nuzzled her, face in her hair, hands roaming over her back. “Hey, maybe we should invite Jody up for a visit?”

Carrie’s spine straightened and she took a deep breath. “Soon. It’s... complicated.”

“Her husband?” he guessed.

“They’re not married.” Carrie sighed. “But yeah. Him.”

“My poor baby.” He rocked her in his arms. “You really want her, don’t you?”

She just nodded. Wanting her wasn’t even the strongest motivator anymore. Carrie didn’t just want her. Things had gone far beyond that. So far, that it kind of scared her. And they hadn’t even been together yet, not physically. Just two people connecting via a laptop or iPhone screen.

“Well, we’ll get her for you.” Doc moved back, so he could look into her eyes. “I promise.”

Carrie didn’t answer him. Instead, she slipped off the counter and got to her knees, intending on distracting him with her mouth. And it worked. She got his pants undone and his boxers down, freeing his gorgeous cock in no time.

“Oh God.” Doc’s hand moved in her hair as she took his engorged cock between her lips. He tasted a little salty and she guessed he’d played a round of golf that day during lunch. He played golf almost every day when summer started easing into fall, trying to get in as much time as possible before the snow started to fly.

“I’d do anything for you, you know.” Doc looked down, meeting her eyes as she ran her tongue around the head of his cock. “Anything you wanted to do.”

His words thrilled her. And part of her knew it was true. He’d never balked at any of her fantasies. He hadn’t even balked at the idea of seducing

their nineteen-year-old babysitter, once upon a time. Or the young nanny who had replaced her.

“Ahh God, baby!” Doc cried out when she cupped his balls in her hand, gently twisting and tugging. He hissed through his teeth, head going back, a low groan escaping his throat when she swallowed him all the way to the hilt. “Oh fuck, yeah, suck it!”

She did, working him deep into her throat just the way she knew he loved. His hand moved in her hair, guiding her, holding her there for a moment before letting her go again, head bobbing up and down. One hand wrapped around the base of his cock, the other rolling his balls between her fingers, she let him use her mouth like a cunt, let him fuck it, get lost in it. Saliva fell in strings down from the corners of her mouth, leaving dark spots on her gray skirt.

“We couldn’t do this with kids around, could we?” Doc asked, grabbing her head in his hands, holding her mouth down, her nose brushing against his pubic hair. She shook her head, as well as she could, with his cock halfway down her throat. “I couldn’t fuck you on the kitchen island with the kids around.”

Carrie moaned, whimpering when he withdrew his cock, grabbing her up and bending her over the island. Her eyes were still watering from the hard thrust of him in her mouth, and now he was shoving up her skirt to reveal the rounded swell of her ass.

“Oh! God!” she cried out when he slid inside her without any warning at all. She grabbed the edge of the island to steady herself, catching a glimpse of her black lace panties on the floor, along with her blouse and bra, and Doc’s shirt.

“Hang on, baby,” he growled, his fingers digging into her hips and he started to thrust.

There was no buildup— she’d gotten him nearly to coming with her mouth a few times, and he was hot and hungry for her. Carrie surrendered to his lust, her pussy swallowing him far better than her mouth, her walls spasming uncontrollably as he fucked her from behind.

“Oh yes! Yes!” she cried, going up on her tiptoes and arching her back for more. “God, yes, fuck me! Fuck me hard!”

He grunted and growled, grabbing a handful of her hair and pulling her head back so he could kiss her, thrusting his tongue between her lips.

“I want to fuck you in every room of this house.” His mouth moved against hers as he spoke. “On every single surface.”

“Now?” she gasped, feeling the head of his cock rubbing hard against her cervix. It made her womb ache.

“Oh we’ve got time.” His hands moved grab her breasts, like reaching for low-hanging fruit, her nipples little cherries under his fingers. “After I fuck you in the kitchen, we’re going to get some dinner.”

“I didn’t make anything,” She just remembered she’d taken out chicken to thaw and hadn’t done a thing with it.

“We’ll order in.” Doc chuckled. “Then I’ll eat out... you want me to lick your little pussy again?”

She moaned in response, wiggling back against him.

“We can eat Thai food on the floor in the living room.” He gave a little groan when her pussy clenched around his shaft. “Then I’m going to fuck you on the coffee table. And then I’m going to take you to bed. But I probably won’t be able to wait, so I’ll fuck you on the stairs. Then, if you promise to tell me all about what you did with Jody this morning, I’ll let you sit on my face in the shower.”

Carrie bit her lip at his request. She’d never been so close-mouthed before about the women she’d been with. She always told Doc everything. But this time was different. Jody was... different.

“Oh, baby, please,” she gasped, rocking against him, using all of her muscles to work his length. “Fuck me. Do it. I want you to pound my pussy hard.”

That made him give a low groan and begin thrusting again. Carrie gripped the edge of the island as Doc really began driving into her. Thank God the island was built into the floor, because they would have rocked it across the room, or maybe even knocked it over.

“Fuck!” Doc gasped, his hands gripping her breasts for leverage, fucking her up toward the ceiling, lifting her on her toes. “Oh baby, your fucking pussy! God! I can’t— “

“Oh yes, yes!” Carrie urged, fucking him back, feeling her pussy spasm, so tight, something coiled, hot and waiting, in her belly. “Baby, please! Pound my pussy until I come all over your cock! Fuck, Doc! Fuck!”

“Oh hell.” He let go of her breasts and grabbed her shoulders so he could thrust as deep as possible into her already climaxing cunt. His thighs, slick with sweat, smacked against hers, his balls grinding into her throbbing clit, making her orgasm even more intense.

She felt every glorious pulse of his cock, his cum exploding into her like hot lava. He came so hard she couldn't contain it all and felt it already slipping out of her hole, down toward her quivering clit. The hot slide of his cum over that sensitive nub made her scream, just for a moment, her knees giving out.

But Doc had her pressed to the island, so she didn't collapse completely. She pressed her cheek to the marble surface, panting, trying to catch her breath.

“Jesus, honey.” Doc drew a long, shuddering breath. “That was something.”

“Guess it was all that emotion, all pent up,” she murmured, glimpsing the invitation, miraculously still on the counter beside her.

“Guess so.” He slid out of her and she sighed. She hated that part. Sometimes she thought she could just keep him inside of her forever.

He gathered her up, turning her around and sitting her up on the island again.

“This is where we started.” She kissed his damp temple.

“In so many ways.” He smiled, reaching down and grabbing his pants and boxers with one hand, yanking them up. His gaze moved over her, mussed hair, eyes still half-closed and dazed, topless, shirt shoved up to her waist. “So what do you say?”

“About what, Thai for dinner?” she asked, watching him tuck himself in and zip his pants.

“About that ship waiting in the dock.” He leaned over and kissed the tip of her nose. “Me, you, and one great big ship all to ourselves.”

“I think I'd follow you anywhere.” She put her arms around his neck, pulling him in for another long, lingering, after-sex kiss. She could still taste herself on his tongue and it made her shiver.

“And who knows, maybe we won't be all alone.” His dark eyes lit up when they met hers. “Maybe we can get your friend, Jody, to come visit on occasion...”

“Maybe.” She smiled. “Did you say Thai food? I’m suddenly starving.”

Doc was as good as his word. Thai food on the living room floor in front of the television, another hard pounding on the stairs, that left her so weak-kneed, he actually carried her upstairs. And she gave him a very good, detailed description of what she and Jody had fantasized about that morning—even if she’d left out a few details— while she sat on his face in the shower and tugged on his cock, making him come again for the third time that night.

It wasn’t until they were in bed that Doc dropped his bombshell, just as she was drifting off to sleep.

“Brady’s retiring.”

She almost didn’t even acknowledge it, because Doc’s long-time partner in family practice had been threatening to retire for ten years.

“He wants me to buy him out of the practice.”

“Retiring?” She lifted her head off the pillow in the darkness. “For real?”

“For real.” Doc rolled toward her, sliding a hand over her hip and spooning behind her.

“Wow.” She blinked at the clock on the night stand, trying to absorb what it meant. “That’s great.”

“Is it?” The tone of Doc’s voice was truly questioning.

“Isn’t it?” She frowned, snuggling back against him. Doc had been working with Brady since the beginning, and he’d always known, when Brady retired, he would be offered the other half of the practice. “Isn’t it what you want?”

“I don’t know.” He sighed into her hair, pressing a hand to her belly and pulling her closer against him.

“Looks like I’m not the only one thinking about endings and beginnings,” she said softly.

“Maybe not.” He was quiet for a moment. “He also wants to sell his half of the Florida time share.”

“Really?” That surprised her. “I always thought he’d buy us out and move down there when he retired.”

“He wants to travel,” Doc said. “Europe. Asia. Australia.”

“Good for him.” She smiled, then she remembered Doc’s hesitation. “You really don’t know if you want the practice?”

“A sole practice isn’t easy,” he reminded her. “I’d likely have to find a partner or two. And while there are plenty of doctors I’m willing to play golf with, there are few, aside from Brady, I’m keen on working with.”

“We’ll work it out,” she said reassuringly, rubbing his hand that covered her bare belly. “We always do.”

“You’re right.” He kissed her temple and laid his head down beside her, sharing her pillow. “Goodnight.”

He drifted off, but Carrie stayed awake a while longer, watching the clock change digits. Her thoughts drifted from the wedding of her youngest child, to the sweet text Jody had sent her just before bed to say goodnight, to her husband, sleeping with his arms around her, and the decision he now had to make.

Somehow, Carrie sensed something bigger in all of it. Maybe they were just at a crossroads, she thought, closing her eyes, enjoying the feeling of Doc’s chest rising and falling against her back.

That was the thing about stepping onto a new ship and setting sail. You just didn’t know exactly where you were headed.

Chapter Two

“Hey babygirl.” Jody’s voice was thick from sleep, her lilting Georgia accent more pronounced as she yawned and stretched, her lovely, tawny limbs appearing from under a cloud of white bedding. “You woke me from a nap.”

“Perfect, because I want you in bed.” Carrie adjusted her laptop screen on the night table. The split-screen on Skype showed her own image, smiling, thick, blonde hair still pulled back from work, but she’d stripped down to just a bra and panties before climbing into bed with her laptop.

“Oooo are we gonna give the NSA a good show?” Jody perked up, rolling to her side and adjusting her own screen.

“I told you I was coming home early just for you.” Carrie purred, snuggling up on her pillow.

They’d been texting back and forth for hours while Carrie attempted to get some paperwork done at the office, teasing each other mercilessly, until Carrie had a house showing at three. She couldn’t get that young couple through the two-story Cape Cod fast enough, but they’d wanted to linger and talk about making an offer. Damned clients, interfering with her sex life. Jody had texted her a few times during the showing—more teasing that left Carrie’s panties damp with anticipation. Then Jody had sent her a Snapchat picture, naked from the waist up, waiting in bed for Carrie to come home and Skype with her.

They didn’t Skype every day, but they did “talk,” whether it was via text or phone or Skype. Jody always texted her first thing in the morning, and last thing before she went to bed. Carrie wasn’t sure when things had gone from reconnecting on Facebook with a friend from her past to this completely out-of-control, head-over-heels, all-consuming need to be with each other. It had happened fast, though, and Carrie had fallen hard. She just wished Jody didn’t live so far away. Although, she had to admit, part of her was glad for the distance.

The way things had progressed, how fast it all happened, she couldn’t imagine what it would be like if they had daily access to each other. Doc had never once told her “no” when Carrie wanted to be with another woman—it had always been part of their relationship—but she

knew that look in his eyes. He was worried. Not a lot, but a little. He knew things were different with this one, he just didn't know how.

And Carrie had no idea how to even begin telling him the truth.

"Take your hair out." Jody leaned up on her elbow, the blanket falling away, revealing her topless form. Carrie looked at them, so perfectly round, her nipples dime-sized, dark, the areolas puffy and so suckable they made her mouth water.

Slowly, Carrie removed the Scrunchie, shaking a waterfall of honey-colored hair out over her tanned shoulders. It wasn't easy, maintaining a tan in Michigan, but she'd spent the summer golfing with Doc, playing tennis a few days a week, sailing on occasion, and as much time as she could in a bikini in their backyard, so her skin was a nice cafe au lait color. Still, she had tan lines. She'd work on getting rid of those when they went to Florida and she had the advantage of a private beach.

"God, you're beautiful." Jody bit her lip, her gaze sweeping down to Carrie's cleavage, held up nicely in a pink lace bra.

"So are you." Carrie reached behind her with one hand, working the hooks on her bra.

"I want to kiss you." Jody leaned forward, pursing her lips, blowing her a gentle kiss.

"Is that all?" She smiled, sliding her bra off her shoulders. Jody made a little, appreciative noise in her throat.

"No, that's just for a start," Jody assured her, one of her hands moving to her own breast, kneading her flesh—but her eyes were on the heavy sway of Carrie's as she flung her bra aside. "I think I could kiss you for hours."

"Are you home alone?"

"Jackie's out of town." Jody's nose wrinkled, a dark look appearing, just fleetingly, like a cloud passing over the sun. "He's in New York."

"And you didn't want to go shopping?" Carrie raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"I wanted time alone with you more." Jody's fingernails, painted a pretty burgundy color, tracing lightly over her skin. "Are you wearing panties?"

"Not for long." Carrie grinned, hooking her thumbs in her panties and wiggling them down her thighs. "You?"

“Please, I don’t get near a bed unless I’m undressed.” Jody snorted, sliding the blankets down further, revealing the sweet, taut brown expanse of her belly.

Jody had a navel piercing that Carrie found herself fascinated with. She’d never been brave enough to pierce more than her ears, and a tattoo—Jody had a few of those too—was out of the question. Carrie just wasn’t into pain, if she could avoid it, no matter how many people said that pain was part of the tattoo process. You were supposed to wear it like a badge of honor or something. Besides, Doc had said so many times, how perfect her skin was, how much he loved it, and he didn’t want her spoiling it with a tattoo.

“You got me so hot,” Carrie confessed, cupping her mound—her pussy was on fire—and biting her lip. “Sexting me all those naughty texts. And the picture you sent! My God, you almost made me come right in front of my clients!”

“Who, little ol’ me?” Jody chuckled, flipping her long, dark hair over her shoulder. “I can’t help myself around you, babygirl. You’re as hot as a two-dollar pistol.”

“Who, little ol’ me?” Carrie teased, mimicking Jody’s southern accent.

“Play with your nipples.” Jody was already cupping and kneading her own breasts without prompting. “Make them hard for me.”

Carrie arched her back so Jody could see better, seeing herself on the screen, her image reflected, eyes half-closed as she rolled her nipples between thumb and forefinger. They were brown and fat, and they grew fatter as she played with them. The sensation ran like a current through her body, as if every nerve ending she had began and ended between her legs.

“Feel good, babygirl?” Jody leaned in for a closer look, licking her full, luscious lips. Carrie could imagine kissing her, how soft her mouth would be, the velvet press of her tongue.

“So good,” she whispered, her pussy fluttering in response to the attention she was giving to her breasts.

“Suck one for me,” Jody urged.

Carrie slid her pink tongue out toward her nipple, lifting her breast so she could reach. Jody let out a little sigh when Carrie wrapped her mouth around her own nipple, sucking it gently. She closed her eyes for a moment,

imagining Jody there with her, that it was Jody licking and sucking her fat, sensitive nipple. For a moment she actually felt the silk of the other woman's dark hair brushing her shoulder and breast, although she knew, in reality, it was only her own.

"That make you wet, babygirl?" Jody's voice brought Carrie back and she opened her eyes, seeing Jody's tits pressed together in her hands, her nipples puckered with excitement.

"Oh God, I've been wet all day, thinking about you," Carrie confessed.

"Good." Jody gave a little smile, her eyes flashing with satisfaction. "You have a toy handy?"

"Always." Carrie reached over to open her night table drawer. That was another thing they didn't have to hide anymore. The sex toys could be left out any time—except on the days they had the cleaning service, in of course. Although one of the girls who came on occasion had caught Doc's eye and he'd suggested, maybe leaving them out would give her ideas. Carrie had just laughed, because by then, she'd been in so deep with Jody, the thought of another women, even if it was a flesh and blood one, was anathema to her. No one else turned her on like Jody did.

"Oh, the realistic one," Jody's eyes lit up as Carrie brought the thick, veined cock to her lips, pressing the head into her mouth and sucking gently. "Is Doc's that big?"

Carrie raised her eyebrows in surprise. Jody didn't usually ask about Doc, at least, in relation to their sex life. She cocked her head, assessing.

"Actually, Doc's a little bigger," Carrie told her. "Although not quite as thick."

"Damn." Jody's finely plucked brows went up in appreciation. "Lucky girl."

"I am," Carrie smiled happily, turning the vibrator on and wrapping her hand around the base. It wasn't just the cock, but the balls, too, quite realistic. She'd bought it because it kind of reminded her of her husband's cock, from the cut head all the way down to the heavy, hanging sack below.

"God, I want to fuck you." Jody gave a little sigh and Carrie saw her arm moving and knew she had a hand between her own legs, touching herself.

“With this?” Carrie cocked the vibrating dick toward the laptop’s webcam, smirking,

“No, babygirl.” Jody rolled back slightly, lifting her hips to reveal a cock just as big and beautiful as the one Carrie held in her hand. “With this.”

“God, I want that too.” Carrie licked her lips, watching Jody’s hand shuttle up and down the hard cock between her smooth, tawny thighs. “I want you inside me. I’m so wet for you.”

“Pretend it’s me then.” Jody glanced at the vibrating cock in Carrie’s hand. “Slide it in and pretend it’s me.”

“But I want to suck you first.” Carrie’s mouth circled the head of the cut cock, running her tongue around the ridge, hearing Jody give a soft, feminine sigh.

It had amazed her from the very first, how much Jody was all-woman—except for the hard cock between her legs, anyway. She’d known Jody as a man. Well, a boy, really. They’d been housed in foster care together for two years. When Jody connected with her on Facebook for the first time, she couldn’t quite believe the transformation.

“You like to suck cock, babygirl?” Jody smiled, a knowing look in her eyes.

“Oh fuck, yes,” Carrie moaned, taking more of the fake cock between her lips, sliding it all the way in. What she wouldn’t give to have Jody’s cock between her lips instead.

She didn’t even know what to do with that feeling, but there it was. Carrie had no idea what Doc would say, if he knew. And she’d never felt this way about another man. But Jody wasn’t another man. It was all too confusing to contemplate, honestly. She could only go by how she felt, and she’d never felt like this before.

“Show me your pussy.” Jody leaned up on her elbow, little silver bracelets on her wrist tinkling as they fell down her slender arm. She had her cock in her hand, squeezing the head so it was almost purple. “Show me that pretty, shaved pussy, babygirl.”

Carrie maneuvered around on the bed, propping pillows behind her so she could still see the screen as she leaned back and spread her legs for the camera. She was completely bare down there, waxed smooth. Her pussy

lips parted without prompting, revealing a swath of pink that made Jody gasp and lick her lips.

“Fuck, I want to taste you,” Jody said, her hand moving a little faster up and down her cock. That was shaved smooth too. She had no hair anywhere on her trim, taut, lithe body and the hair on her head was long, dark, and thick. She was one of the prettiest women Carrie had ever known, especially those dark, lust-filled eyes.

“I taste good.” Carrie dipped her fingers in, swirling them around for a minute before lifting them to her mouth and sucking gently.

“I bet you do.” Jody gave a sigh so filled with longing that it made Carrie’s whole body quiver. “Rub your little clit for me. Imagine it’s my tongue.”

Carrie did, nudging her clit with her red fingernail at first, shivering at the sensation. Then she scooped her wetness up with her fingers and spread it over her aching clit, moaning as she rubbed herself. She could picture Jody’s mouth right there, her tongue flickering back and forth, her dark eyes on Carrie’s face, watching her reaction.

“That’s a good girl,” Jody praised, her own breath coming faster. Carrie opened her eyes to see the other woman circling one of her puffy nipples with a fingernail, the hand between her legs moving slowly up and down, up and down. “Now I want to be inside you.”

Carrie moaned at those words, reaching for the still vibrating cock on the pillow beside her. She positioned it between her legs, watching on the laptop screen as it slid into her pussy. Fuck, it was big! She moaned and squirmed, pressing it in a little further. Jody’s hand moved faster on her own cock. She stopped to palm the head as Carrie felt the vibrating cock bottom out, the balls snugged up against her clenched ass.

“All filled up, babygirl?” Jody whispered, watching through half-closed eyes.

“Yes,” Carrie whispered back, nodding. “I just wish it was you.”

“Believe me, so do I.” Jody leaned to the side, out of camera view for a moment, and Carrie got a good look and her smooth belly, the piercing—a silver dreamcatcher—dangling. She was all soft curves, her hips rounded, her breasts, too. Then she was back in the frame again, leaning back, something in her hand.

“What’s that?” Carrie cocked her head, bemused.

“I ordered this last week.” Jody gave a little giggle, a mischievous look in her eyes. “Finally showed up today. It’s a fake pussy.”

“A... fake pussy?” Carrie looked at it in wonder. “Wait... how does that work?”

“If Jackie knew I had it, he’d blow a gasket.” Jody glanced back, as if the man she lived with might come in at any moment, even though she’d said he was doing business hundreds of miles away in New York. “But I wanted to know what it would feel like, to slide into your pussy when you did that. As close as I can get, at the moment, anyway...”

“Ohhhh,” Carrie breathed, watching, fascinated, as Jody brought the flesh-colored plastic sleeve closer to the webcam. It was anatomically correct and everything. It even had a clit!

“I was licking the hell out of it earlier,” Jody confessed, lifting the silicone pussy to her lips and flicking her tongue over the clit. Carrie moaned. She could almost feel it. Then Jody’s tongue slipped into the hole, fluttering back and forth. Carrie’s pussy clamped down in response around the cock buried inside her. “Pretending it was your sweet little pussy coming all over my face.”

“Oh God.” Carrie couldn’t help rocking her hips, starting to fuck the cock vibrating in her pussy. “I wish.”

“I’ll just lube it up.” Jody squirted clear liquid onto the pussy, working it into the hole with her fingers. “Cuz I know you’re nice and wet for me, aren’t you, babygirl?”

“So fucking wet.” Carrie swallowed hard, moving the cock a little faster between her legs. “Oh I want to feel you. I want to feel you inside me. On top of me. I want your tits in my mouth when you make me come.”

Jody gave a little, high squeak as she eased the fake pussy over the head of her cock. Carrie watched, awed, as it disappeared into the fake, wet pussy, and couldn’t help wishing it was her pussy Jody was sinking into.

“Jesus Christ.” Jody’s eyes closed in pleasure and she gave a little, hitching gasp.

“Good?” Carrie asked.

“I waited to try it,” Jody told her, eyes fluttering open, her lips parted slightly, wet from licking them. “I wanted you to be with me. Oh, holy hell, babygirl, your pussy feels so good.”

Carrie gave a little cry, starting to fuck herself. She couldn't help it. She didn't just want it. She needed it.

"That's it," Carrie urged, watching Jody's hips buck up, the dreamcatcher in her navel bouncing and flashing as she moved faster. "Fuck me! Fuck me hard!"

"Oh fuck, babygirl!" Jody's head went back, her hair spilling over her rounded, tanned shoulders, her breasts bouncing. "Sooo tight! So fucking good!"

"Yes! Yes!" Carrie spread her legs wider, giving Jody a full view of her open pussy and the huge cock now plunging in and out of it. "Oh yes, fuck me! Harder!"

"I can't hold back," Jody gasped, her hips bucking uncontrollably. "Oh fuck, your pussy is so good, babygirl! Ahhhhh God!"

"Yes, yes!" Carrie moaned and thrust. She was already there, her pussy starting to spasm with her climax. But when Jody yanked her cock out of the Fleshlight and she saw the first, thick stream of cum erupt from the throbbing head of her cock, Carrie gave in completely. "Oh I'm going to come all over you! Oh Jody, God, fuckkk!"

Carrie arched and slammed the vibrator balls-deep, watching the woman on the laptop screen jerk her cock as she came, hot, white splashes of cum splashing over her bouncing tits, leaving wet spots that dripping from her puffy, dark nipples down onto her quivering belly.

Carrie's pussy clenched and released, squeezing the cock buried deep in her flesh, and she moaned and thrashed on the bed with her climax. Her whole body was electrified, and she'd waited so long to come—almost all day—that her orgasm made her ears ring and her red painted toes curl against the mattress.

"Oh babygirl," Jody panted, crawling toward the webcam, her breasts swaying, wet cock beginning to wane. "You are so fucking hot, I can't stand it. I want you so much I can't breathe."

"I know." Carrie cried out as she pulled the humming cock from her pussy, turning it off and tossing it aside as she wiggled around so she could see herself on the split screen, her face flushed, hair mussed. Her fingers reached out and touched the laptop screen, as if she could reach right through.

“What are we going to do?” Jody sighed, running a hand through her dark hair.

“I don’t know.” Carrie swallowed, meeting her eyes. They were hundreds of miles away from each other, but she’d never felt closer to someone before. “I... haven’t told Doc.”

“And I can’t tell Jackie.” Jody made a face, wrinkling her cute little nose at the thought. “Things are... not great... I can’t...”

“I know.” Carrie sighed. They’d had this conversation before. “Doc keeps saying we should have you up here for a visit. And oh, my God, I want that so much...”

“I know.” Jody nodded miserably.

“But Doc doesn’t know... and I...” Carrie shrugged helplessly. “I don’t know how to tell him.”

“You don’t have to.” Jody reached toward her screen too, as if she could touch Carrie’s cheek, and she could have sworn, she almost felt it. “No pressure, remember? This is good. This is so good. I love it. I love... you.”

It was the first time she’d said those words and Carrie’s heart cracked open when she heard them. Tears stung her eyes.

“I love you, too,” she whispered, swallowing past the lump in her throat. “There has to be a way...”

“Shhh.” Jodie pressed her fingers to the screen, as if she were touching Carrie’s trembling lips. “It’s okay. We’re okay.”

Carrie heard something, a slight creak, and her head came up sharply. The bedroom door was open. Doc went in late on Thursdays and worked evening office hours until seven. It was only five o’clock.

“What’s the matter, babygirl?” Jody cocked her head, frowning.

“I thought I heard something...” Her eyes widened when she heard it again. Definitely the creak on the stairs. Someone was here.

“Doc?” she called, grabbing a handful of blankets and pulling them over herself. “Is that you?”

“In the flesh, baby,” he called down the hall. “You left me so hard this morning when you left, I can’t stop thinking about your—”

He stopped in the doorway and stared. She’d told Doc about Jody. He knew they’d been together, lots of times, via text, phone, Skype. But while he’d asked, a few times, about joining in one of their cyber sessions,

Carrie had put him off. He'd never seen Jody, except for her picture on Facebook.

Now here she was, completely naked, a giant, realistic dildo on the bed, and Jody was still topless, resting her cheek on her arm. Thank goodness, you could only see her from the waist up. But Doc, from the doorway, could see everything.

"Well..." A slow smile spread across his face. "I didn't mean to interrupt."

"You must be Doc." Jody went up to her elbow and gave him a wagging wave with her long fingers. She didn't move to cover herself though, and Carrie knew Doc was looking. And he was getting an eyeful. "Nice to meet you."

"Likewise." He gave her a nod and Carrie saw that light in his eyes, one she knew well. He liked her. If he only knew...

Well, what if he did know? What if she told him? The way things were going, she was going to have to tell him. Somehow...

"Jody, I should go." Carrie reached for the laptop as Doc came fully into the room.

"I can leave." Doc held up his hands. "If you two weren't finished... or..."

He gave a little shrug of his shoulders, glancing at the screen again. Jody smiled and stretched, long and languid, like a cat.

"I'm sorry, darlin', but I've got to run too," Jody said, her voice filled with regret. Carrie saw Jody's gaze moving over Doc in his button-down white shirt, tucked neatly into his khakis. Her husband was a very handsome man, and Jody, like Carrie, was bisexual. They'd had that discussion too, several times, about their preferences, or lack thereof. Carrie thought of her sexuality as fluid—she loved who she loved. Gender didn't have much to do with it. And it seemed that Jody was very similar.

"Maybe next time, though?" Jody offered as Carrie reached for the computer.

"Bye Jody," Carrie whispered, giving her a pointed look before closing the laptop and cutting the connection.

"I really didn't mean to interrupt." Doc sat on the edge of the bed, watching Carrie put the closed Mac on the night table.

“It’s fine.” Carrie shook her head, sitting and wrapping her arms around his neck. “We were done. And Jody had to go, so...”

She kissed his cheek, trying to make her heart return to some semblance of a normal beat. It was hammering in her chest like a race horse.

“Mmm, you’re going to have to give me a blow by blow later.” His gaze skipped down to her nude body where the blankets had fallen away, exposing her breasts.

“Literally?” she teased, sliding a hand up his thigh.

“Hell, yes.” His eyes lit up and he grabbed her, pulling her into his lap. She squealed and laughed, hanging into him.

“What are you doing home so early?”

“Last of my patients cancelled.” His hands roamed over her nude body, so warm and familiar, they made her tingle. “And I decided to come home and take my wife out to a nice dinner. But I might just stay here and eat in...”

His hand moved between her legs, cupping her still-sensitive, swollen mound. She shivered.

“Well I’m hungry,” she announced, wiggling in his lap. “And I’m in the mood for lobster.”

“You have such expensive tastes,” he scolded, his hand moving slowly, massaging her. She moaned softly, kissing his neck. “It’s a good thing I can afford it.”

“Does that mean you’ve decided to buy the practice?” she asked, cocking her head at him.

“Not yet.” He sighed. “But I do have a surprise for you.”

“You do?” She perked up.

“I want you to cancel any clients you have this weekend.”

“Oh.” She blinked at him in surprise. “I was supposed to have an open house...”

“Have Marcy do it.”

“What are you up to?” She laughed.

“Pack a bag.” He wagged his eyebrows, grinning. “I told you, it’s a surprise.”

“Doc!” She gasped when he dipped his head and took her nipple into his mouth.

“It’s time to get on board that ship,” he murmured and then licked around her areola, tracing it with his tongue.

“Are we going on the Love Boat?” She sighed happily as he cupped her other breast. So what if she was imagining Jody there too? It was just a fantasy, right? And Doc didn’t mind. He encouraged her fantasies.

But if he knew...

“That’s right baby,” Doc said, turning and tossing her onto the bed, spreading her legs and settling between them. Carrie moaned as he parted her pussy lips and started his appetizer before he took her out to dinner. She heard his words, but they were muffled. “Me, you and a great big Love Boat.”

* * * *

“That’s a Mustang.” Carrie stared at the convertible as the dealer drove it up, top down in the September sunshine. It was unseasonably warm today. They’d actually had flurries the weekend before.

“Is that why you cleaned out the car last week?” She blinked at Doc, who put an arm around her shoulder, grinning like a fool. “Did you trade in your Lexus?”

“Yep.” He nodded, looking like the cat that ate the canary. “She’s all ours. What do you want to call our new baby?”

“Doc!” Carrie knew she should have played the role of shocked, appalled, worried wife, but she just couldn’t. Instead, threw her arms around his neck, squealing in delight. “You bought a Mustang!”

He laughed, hugging her close and swinging her around for good measure, planting a brief but very hot kiss on her lips, in spite of the fact that the dealer was watching them in the rearview mirror.

Buying a Mustang was one of those “typical mid-life crisis” things they’d talked about but had decided not to do, even after the kids were grown and gone. They both lived near enough to Detroit to appreciate car culture, and they had gone to the Woodward Dream Cruise every year to look at all the hot muscle cars that cruised up and down the strip. And they both were in agreement that the Mustang was the pinnacle of all muscle cars. The new Chargers might come in a close second, but nothing beat the Mustang.

“Doc... how did you afford a Mustang?” She stepped away from him to reach out and touch the car’s sleek backend as the dealer got out of the

driver's side. "Holy fuck—Doc! This is a Shelby!"

She actually felt faint for a moment and he slipped an arm around her waist before her knees could give way.

"Shelby GT500," the dealer agreed. Doug had sold them their Windstar, back when she was chauffeuring the kids around in a minivan. He was grinning almost as big as her husband. "Like the color?"

"Electric blue." She laughed. If it had been her, she probably would have gone with black or red, but Doc loved that electric blue.

"Baby's loaded." Doug slapped a hand down on the spoiler and Carrie winced. The car had to cost a fortune. Probably more than their house, when they first bought it! "Nineteen-inch, forged aluminum wheels, voice-guided navigation, HD radio, leather seats, the works!"

"The works." She swallowed, blinking at her husband. "How can we afford this? Did you lease it?"

"Nope." Doc couldn't stop grinning. "Bought and paid for."

"Did you sell a kidney?" Carrie balled her fist up and pinched him in the arm. "You better start talking, mister!"

"Ow!" Doc grabbed his bicep, pretending to cringe—she hadn't hit him that hard. "That's part of the surprise!"

"Did we win the lottery?" Carrie shook her head at Doug as he held out the keys. "Oh, no, I'm not driving it. Not until I know how he paid for it."

"Just trust me, and get in." Doc reached around and gave her bottom a hot little squeeze. "We're going to brunch with Gordon."

"Gordon." Carrie blinked at him, frowning. "Gordon, our accountant—that Gordon?"

"That's the one," Doc agreed, taking Doug's outstretched hand and shaking it. "Thanks, Doug."

"Enjoy it, man." Doug handed over the keys to Doc, if a little reluctantly. He looked at the car longingly like he wanted to take it around the block for another spin. He probably thought he still looked like a young kid driving around in it, instead of the slightly balding fifty-year-old man he was, with a slight paunch hanging over his belt. "If you need anything else, just call me."

"Will do." Doc popped the trunk, glancing in at the bags—Doc's duffel bag and Carrie's overnight carrier. "Thanks for putting our stuff in."

“Going on a trip?” Doug asked as Doc got into the driver’s side. Carrie opened the car door, hesitating. Was this really their car? Was she dreaming?

“Shh.” Doc put a finger to his lips and winked at Doug in the rearview mirror. “I told you, it’s a surprise.”

“Have a good time!” Doug waved as he headed back toward the dealership, looking a little morose. Carrie couldn’t blame him. She wouldn’t want to go back into the office either, after taking this thing for a ride.

“I don’t know if I can handle any more surprises today!” She slid in beside her husband, laughing at his goofy grin.

“Oh you can,” Doc assured her, putting a hand on her bare knee. It was warm enough to wear a sundress, and so she had. “And you will.”

“Doc...” She shook her head, breathing in. That new car smell. It was almost as good as the smell of a newborn. “This car...”

“Our new baby.” He winked, sliding his hand further up her thigh. “What do you want to name her?”

“Blue...” she mused, running a fingertip over the edge of the mirror, smiling at herself in it. She looked flushed and happy. Ecstatic even. That made her smile even more. “How about Betty Blue?”

“Betty Blue it is.” He slapped his door, as if christening her.

“Doc, this is crazy.” Carrie wiggled in her seat as his hand met the crotch of her panties under her sundress.

“Nah, this is living.” He reached over with his other hand, grabbing her seatbelt and yanking it toward him. “Buckle up, baby.”

“You planning on speeding?” she asked as she locked the seatbelt.

“Hell yes.”

He peeled out of the car dealer, leaving long black streaks on the pavement.

Chapter Three

“Gordon, good to see you.” Doc shook the man’s hand as they took chairs opposite their accountant.

Carrie’s stomach growled. She hadn’t realized how hungry she was until that very moment. She’d been too excited to eat much that morning—just yogurt and granola—but the smell of barbeque permeated the restaurant, making her mouth water, even it was only eleven in the morning.

“Nice to see you, Mrs. Baumgartner.” Gordon gave her an appreciative look as she sank into the chair beside her husband.

Gordon couldn’t look less like an accountant if he tried. His bushy hair was long, almost touching his shoulders, and he had cornbread in his big, brown beard already, she noticed. An eyebrow piercing, a silver ring, winked at her, and he sported several tattoos, some of them on his hands and fingers, where he wore several big, silver rings. He was wearing jeans and a t-shirt—the suit jacket he had slipped was the only nod he made to his profession, and with his big frame, he looked like he was going to burst out of it at the seams like the Hulk at any moment. He was more biker than accountant, truth be told, but Doc said he was the best money-man he’d ever met, and the way Gordon had handled their investments so far had proven him correct.

“How are you, Gordon?” Carrie slung her purse over the back of her chair, seeing the way his gaze dipped to her cleavage. She had the feeling Gordon was a bad boy once upon a time, but she didn’t know his history. She saw him once a year when they had their taxes done, and that was about it.

“Thanks for meeting me here.” He slathered butter on another bit of cornbread. “I’ve had a taste for barbeque for a month.”

“Best barbeque in the city, no doubt about that.” Carrie smiled, watching crumbs fall into his beard as he bit into what was also the best cornbread in town. Beans and Cornbread was tucked out of the way, a Detroit gem that served authentic soul food with the most important ingredient—real love in every bite.

“How are things over at Minsk, Federer & Federer?” Doc leaned back in his seat, putting an arm around the back of Carrie’s chair and

pulling it closer. The other Federer was Gordon's father, who was the sole reason he could go into the office looking like he did.

"Not as good as your investments, lately, Doc." Gordon shook his head taking a gulp of his soda.

"Our investments?" Carrie looked between them, puzzled. "What's going on?"

"What can I get you folks?" The waitress pulled a pen out from behind her ear, holding it poised above a notepad, and Gordon gave her an appreciative look, too. She was a very pretty black girl, although Carrie wasn't sure she was quite legal yet. That didn't keep her from flirting with Gordon, however.

Both Doc and Gordon ordered a full slab of ribs. Carrie opted for the Louisiana style gumbo and a garden salad. And cornbread of course. Couldn't go to Beans & Cornbread and not get the cornbread. That would be like going to Dairy Queen and not ordering ice cream.

"All right," Carrie said after the waitress had dropped off Doc's lemonade and her water. She leaned back in her seat, crossing her arms over her chest. "Somebody better tell me what's going on."

"Tell her, Gordon." Doc sipped his fresh lemonade, trying to hide that Cheshire cat smile.

"A few years ago, you invested in a new pharmaceutical company." Gordon sat back in his seat, stroking his beard. It was a very Freud-like gesture, but Gordon wasn't. "I advised your husband against it, actually. Big pharma is, well—big. There are just a few real players out there. New companies are a risky investment."

"No risk, no reward." Doc put down his lemonade, looking a little bit smug.

"Well, it paid off," Gordon admitted. "They developed that new boner pill, the one giving Viagra a run for its money."

"Oh, that Viralon!" Carrie perked up. "I see the commercials all the time. They're practically porn."

"Probably one of the reasons they're selling so well." Gordon snorted, sitting back as the waitress put his slab of ribs in front of him. He gave her a smile and a little wink. "Anyway, this company's probably going to get swallowed up by one of the big boys eventually, but right now, their stock has gone through the roof."

“So, what does that mean?” Carrie asked, dipping cornbread into her soup and smiling at the waitress as she put down another glass of water.

“That means you have quite a bit more money to invest for your retirement.” Gordon wiped barbeque sauce from his face with a napkin, but he didn’t get it all. A man with a beard probably should never eat ribs in public, Carrie thought with a smile.

“How much more?” she asked, imagining it was about the price of a Shelby Mustang GT500.

“About 3.7 million,” Gordon told her, calmly licking his fingers.

“What?” Carrie breathed, sitting back in her seat like someone had punched her in the gut. “I... what?”

“But don’t spend any of it!” He waved a saucy, scolding finger at them both. “You need to reinvest it.”

“Too late.” Carrie let out a little laugh when Gordon’s eyes widened. “Want to come meet Betty Blue?”

“Who?” Gordon frowned at her, then at Doc.

“The electric blue Mustang convertible Doc just bought.” She met her husband’s dark, devilish eyes and laughed. He had always liked to splurge whenever they came into a little windfall. But the last time they’d really indulged, Doc had gone in on the time-share they owned in the Florida Keys.

“Aw man...” Gordon shook his bushy head, spooning up the juice from his baked beans.

“Hey, a man can’t live by investment alone,” Doc said through a mouthful of ribs.

“Well, I’d like you to play it a little safer.” Gordon had gone through his ribs like a Tasmanian devil and opened a wet-nap to wipe his fingers. “I want to see your money in a managed risk, recession proof, diversified portfolio. Something you could live on into your old age.”

“You got it, Gordon,” Doc assured him. “After this weekend.”

“Fine.” Gordon looked askance at him, like it wasn’t fine at all, but what could he do? “You get one weekend. Don’t spend it all.”

“Oh, I won’t.” Doc wiped sauce from his face. “Betty was my money shot.”

Carrie smiled at that, finishing the last of her soup and starting on her salad. The waitress came over to ask if they needed anything else.

“Just the bill,” Gordon told her. “And I wouldn’t object if you wrote your phone number on it.”

The waitress laughed. “But my husband would.”

Carrie did a double take at that, surprised. Obviously she was older than she looked!

“Aw. Can’t blame a guy for trying.” Gordon gave her another wink as she cleared Doc and Gordon’s plates—there was no food left on either.

“So where are you going?” Gordon asked, leaning back in his seat with a groan, a hand pressed to his belly. He wasn’t fat, exactly, but he was definitely a big guy.

“Petoskey,” Doc said, finishing his lemonade and smacking his lips.

Carrie met her husband’s gaze, raising her eyebrows. This was the first she’d heard about where they were going.

“Well, at least it isn’t Paris,” Gordon mumbled, taking a toothpick out of the holder on the table. “Why Petoskey?”

“That’s where my parents went on their honeymoon.” Doc looked over at his wife and she felt her heart flutter in her chest. She’d never met another man who could make her insides do that like he could.

“Oh, Doc...” She smiled, feeling his hand on her knee under the table.

“All right, you love birds have a great time.” Gordon stood as the waitress brought the bill over. He took it from her, glancing at it. “But I mean it—let’s not go overboard with the spending. We’re going to make that money work for you, got it?”

“Got it, Gordon.” Doc half stood to shake the big man’s hand, reaching back to dig his wallet out of his pocket. “Thanks for everything.”

“I got this, big spender.” Gordon waved him away when Doc went to give him their part of the bill. “See you later, Mrs. Baumgartner.”

“Bye, Gordon,” Carrie said, watching as he headed up to the front counter. She turned back to Doc, laughing at that smug look on his face. He was very proud of his little ruse. “You jerk! How long have you known?”

“Oh, a week or two.” Doc grinned.

“So you planned all this?”

“Yeah, well, I bought the car a week ago,” he confessed. “But the trip... that I decided on yesterday.”

“Yesterday?” She raised her eyebrows, taking a sip of her water. “What prompted that hasty decision?”

“Coming home, seeing you crying over that invitation.” His hand squeezed her knee.

“So stupid.” She sniffed, putting her water glass down.

“And it was the same day Brady told me he’s retiring,” he reminded her. “It just seems like it means something. Like... like it’s time for a change.”

“Road trip?” She leaned back in her chair, crossing her legs, letting her sundress ride up a little higher.

“Hell yes.” Doc’s eyes lit up. “Let’s go, baby.”

* * * *

Miss you, babygirl.

Carrie sat on the edge of the bed, looking at the text, feeling something take flight in her belly at the sight of Jody’s name on her phone.

Miss you too. We’re second-honeymooning and mid-life crisis-ing in Petoskey.

Carrie smiled when Jody texted back: *What’s a Petoskey?*

A little northern Michigan town. Bed & Breakfast, very quaint, just checked in. Guess what we drove up in?

A horse and buggy?

She giggled, texting back: *a Shelby Mustang GT500. Doc splurged.*

Whoa! You weren’t kidding about that mid-life crisis! Did a twenty-year old in a bikini come with it? Or in it?

Carrie actually laughed at that, texting: *Wish you’d come with it. Or in it.*

Me too. Can’t stop thinking about you.

She closed her eyes, picturing Jody’s face, that mischievous smile. Carrie hadn’t planned this. She hadn’t gone looking for it. She hadn’t even been wanting it, not that she knew, when Jody had found her on Facebook and messaged her just to say hi. She’d fallen into it, like Alice down the rabbit hole, tumbling head over heels until she didn’t know which way was up anymore.

She heard Doc in the bathroom, humming to himself, and blinked down at her phone screen. She hated keeping things from him. It was the first time she could remember in their marriage that she’d kept something

so secret for this long. It was like trying to hold your breath. Eventually, you had to give in.

I'm going to tell him.

Carrie watched her text field, those three little dots appearing ... indicating that Jody was typing. Then they disappeared.

Jody texted: *Now?*

This weekend. I'm going to tell him. I have to. I can't do this anymore.

Are you sure?

Was she? Carrie jumped when the bathroom door opened, her heart hammering in her chest as if talking to Jody was something she had to hide.

Gotta go. Talk soon.

She slipped her phone back into her purse, smiling at Doc as he came out, tucking his shirt back into his jeans.

"You ready for another little drive?" He leaned down and kissed her, softly, just a brief press of his lips, but she put her arms around his neck, keeping him close.

"I'd go anywhere with you." She kissed him longer, breathing in the scent of him, her tongue tracing his lips, hungry.

"Don't tempt me," he growled when they parted, his wife looking at him with greedy, half-closed eyes. "We have reservations."

"First dinner, then dessert?" she asked. The long drive up north had left her quite hungry again.

"First dessert, then dinner."

Carrie laughed as he grabbed her ass and pulled her in to another hot, hungry kiss, thinking he was going to make them late for dinner after all.

But he was quite serious.

They drove the Mustang through town, top down, to Lundquist's Chocolatier and Ice Creamery for the best butter pecan in the world. That definitely took the edge off her hunger and they walked back to the car, finishing their cones in the afternoon sunshine.

"Couldn't do this with kids, could we, Mrs. Baumgartner?"

"Eat ice cream?" She snaked her tongue to the bottom of her cone as she got into the passenger seat beside him, sucking out the last bit of sweetness. "Kids love ice cream."

“Brat.” He reached over and tickled her and she laughed. “When’s the last time we picked up and took off for a weekend on the spur of the moment?”

“Point taken.” She smiled, eating the last bit of her cone as he started the car. “Where to now? Oh wait, let me guess—”

“It’s a surprise,” they said together, laughing.

Carrie really didn’t care where they were going. She tied her hair back with a Scrunchie, put on her sunglasses, and sighed happily. The sun was warm, the wind loud in her ears with the top down, and her husband’s hand was on her leg as he drove them out of town.

It didn’t really matter where they ended up, she thought, her fingertips playing in the wind, as long as Doc was with her on the journey.

* * * *

Turned out, they had more driving to do, but unlike the trip up I-75, all concrete and passing cars, this drive was the most beautiful one she’d ever been on. The way toward Harbor Springs took them up thirty miles of old trunk-line road with no middle line. They drove through a true “tunnel of trees”—the only place in Michigan allowed to remain untouched by the relentless cutting back of foliage by power and phone companies.

“Doc, this is like heaven.” She put her hand over his, which had snuck higher up her thigh as the road twisted, meandering through lean, white birch, stunning maples and tall, sturdy oaks. The fall colors were so brilliant in the dappled sunshine, they were literally breathtaking.

“Only because you’re here.” He squeezed her leg, guiding the Mustang around ‘Devil’s Elbow,’ a turn so sharp it made her gasp, even though he was only going twenty-miles-an-hour, tops. Her little tourist map, procured from a local farmer’s market they’d stopped at on the way—they had cider, donuts and caramel apples in the back seat—said that strange things happened at Devil’s Elbow. It had originally been named by the Native Americans with the loose translation, “Where the Spirits Live.”

She didn’t know if there were really any spirits, but the place was truly magical, on old Ottawa trail that had been widened over the years by settlers and their wagons, and was now paved for cars. Carrie held her breath every time they passed one—there was barely enough room for two vehicles to go by one another, and there was no shoulder on the road at all, on either side. There were lake houses, of course, some of them very ornate,

some more like basic log cabins, but when they passed through state forest, the trees came right up to the edge of the road. She could have reached out and touched tree branches.

“Look at the water!” She pointed, leaning against Doc’s shoulder as she took in the stunning sight of Lake Michigan through the trees on his side. The sun dazzled the lake’s surface, little diamond points that made her squint, even with sunglasses on. “Oh Doc, it’s so beautiful.”

“It is,” he agreed, sliding an arm around her and planting a kiss on the top of her head, but he wasn’t looking at the lake. He was looking down at her.

Carrie put her arms around his neck and feathered kisses there, letting her hand travel up his denim-covered thigh, her fingernails walking slyly over his zipper.

“Hey!” Doc gasped when she cupped him through his jeans. He might have been surprised, but he was already stiffening under her hand. “There’s nowhere to pull over. Don’t tempt me.”

“You keep saying that.” She nuzzled his ear, feeling his erection growing. “But I like tempting you.”

“I know you do.” His hand moved down her shoulder, squeezing her even closer over the console. “My evil temptress.”

“I hope wherever we’re going has a bed,” she said with a sigh.

“There’s always the back seat.” He chuckled, glancing in the rear view mirror. “I don’t think Betty will mind.”

“That’s an awfully small back seat.” She eyed it doubtfully.

“You can always start without me.” He reached over to cup her breast, thumbing her nipple through her dress.

“Doc!” She pretended to be shocked, shivering as her nipple hardened under his attention.

“Lean back.” His hand slipped down the front of her dress, into her bra, his fingers tweaking her nipple, making her moan.

“Ohhhh Doc...” She did as he asked, leaning back in the seat, arching toward his touch. There were no cars coming toward them, but the road twisted so often, you never knew what was around the next corner.

“Take your panties off.”

She gave him a sidelong glance, half-smiling, but she slid her dress up so she could hook her thumbs in the sides, shimmying them down her

thighs.

“Gimme.” He pulled his hand out of her dress, reaching for her underwear. The other, he kept on the wheel.

She handed them over and blushed when he lifted them to his nose, breathing deep.

“Fuck, you smell so good.” He had that wolfish look in his eyes. “I want to lick that little pussy.”

“Drive, mister.” She pointed to the road, where it turned sharply to the right, after a long incline. “Don’t want to wreck this pretty new car on our first road trip.”

“No, I wanna wreck you.” His hand, her panties still in them, reached under her dress, cupping her mound.

“Doc!” She bit her lip, feeling him pressing her panties against her pussy, grinding his palm into her. “Anyone who passes will know exactly what you’re doing.”

“So?” He grinned, lifting his hand and waving her panties at a passing motorcycle caravan. Six big Harleys roared by. This road was perfect for that kind of ride. One of the bikers, grinning underneath his helmet, gave Doc a thumbs up.

Carrie blushed even redder and smacked him on the arm, but Doc just laughed, whooping and twirling her panties over his head. That only lasted a moment before the wind caught them. Carrie turned, gasping, seeing her underwear caught in a branch on the side of the road, a little dot of yellow growing smaller the further they drove.

“Doc!” she scolded. “Those were Victoria’s Secret!”

“I’ll buy you more,” he said to sooth her. “Besides, I know her secret.”

“Oh yeah?” She crossed her arms, brooding. “What is it?”

“She’s really a man.”

“A man?” Carrie rolled her eyes. “With tits?”

“Actually...” Doc cocked his head, smirking. “That’s kind of hot.”

Carrie’s breath caught in her throat.

“You think so?”

“A chick with a dick?” He nodded slowly, laughing at the look of shock on her face. “Surprisingly, yeah. I think that’s hot.”

“You never told me that.” She turned toward him, curious. “Is that a turn-on for you?”

“Well, I’m not gay.” He shrugged. “I’m not even bi. But... I don’t know. Yeah, I guess, it’s kind of a turn on.”

“Huh.” That was all she could manage.

They’d had a discussion, early in their relationship, about seeing other people. Carrie had called him out on the double standard—he could be with other women, at least those women that Carrie was also involved with, but she couldn’t be with other men? He’d ultimately relented, albeit reluctantly, but the thing was, she really didn’t want to be with another man. Doc was more than enough man for her, and she’d never felt lacking in that way.

“It would kind of be the best of both worlds, wouldn’t it?” he asked.

“You’d like another man fuck me?” That surprised her.

“No.” He shook his head. “But it wouldn’t be a man, would it?”

She was so shocked by the turn in their conversation and his response, she almost couldn’t speak. She remembered what she’d texted Jody just before they’d started this drive. She’d made up her mind to do it, to tell him, once and for all.

Maybe now really was the time.

“Hey, Doc...?”

“Hm?” He still seemed lost in thought.

“I have something to tell you...”

“Uh-oh.” That got his attention. He glanced sharply her way. “Sounds serious.”

“Well...” She swallowed. How was she going to say it? Speaking of chicks with dicks...

Ugh. No.

“Oh my God.” The color drained from Doc’s face and he swerved slightly, the Mustang veering toward the other side of the road—not that there was far to go. “Are you pregnant?”

“No!” She laughed covering her face with her hands and shaking her head.

“Do you... do you want a divorce?” His face paled even more, if that was possible.

“No!” she cried, gaping at him. “Of course not!”

“Oh fuck...” His voice dropped and his foot came off the gas for a moment, the car slowing from a creeping thirty-miles-an-hour to twenty. “Is... is it cancer?”

“Oh my God, no!” She blinked at him, nearly choking on her words. “Will you stop?”

“Well when the woman you love says, ‘I have to tell you something,’ it usually means she’s about to drop a nuclear bomb...” Doc’s attention shifted back to the road, but his brow was drawn and he hadn’t stopped frowning.

“It’s not a bomb,” she assured him.

Except it was. Of course, it was. Telling him that she’d been sexually involved—even long-distance—with a transgendered woman, wasn’t just casual conversation. The moment she told him, things were going to change. And she wasn’t quite sure how. That was the scariest part.

“Well, what is it?” he prompted.

“It’s...” She sighed. “It’s nothing.”

“Nothing?” He snorted. “Do you expect me to believe that?”

“It’s really nothing.” She shook her head, leaning back in her seat, but she could tell by his sideways glance that he wasn’t going to let it go now that she’d brought it up. But it wasn’t the right time. Not yet, not now. This was Doc’s surprise weekend, and she didn’t want to weigh it down with something they were likely to have some long, involved, serious conversations about.

“Hey...” He glanced over seeing her leaning back in her seat, slowly hiking up her sundress. “No fair trying to distract me...”

“No?” She smiled, turning toward him and leaning against the passenger door. She lifted her left foot up onto the seat, letting her knee fall to the side, giving him a full view of her crotch, sans panties. “When have you ever known me to play fair?”

“Carrie...” His eyes darkened as he watched her hand slip between her legs, one finger sliding down her slippery slit, parting her pussy lips. “You’re bad.”

“So bad, I’m good?” She reached out with her other hand, taking his off the wheel and bringing it between her legs. “Maybe you want to play a little?”

“You know I do, little brat.” He looked at her and she knew he understood what she was doing. But neither of them cared now. The moment had passed, the energy shifted. He’d bring it up later, and she’d tell him—she would. But not now.

“Only if you keep your eyes on the road,” she warned.

“I promise.”

His fingers found their way between her legs. She eased back, parting her thighs for him, eyes closing as he circled her clit. The wind whipped her hair, even though it was tied back, little strands of it stinging her cheeks. Her nipples hardened and she rubbed them through the thin material of her sundress, her lace bra brushing over them, sending shivers through her.

“Feel good, baby?” Doc asked and she heard Jody’s voice asking, too, feel good, babygirl?

“Yes.” She edged her bottom closer to him, putting her feet up on the console, knees spread, letting his fingers work their magic. He knew just where to touch her, how to make her feel good.

“Fuck, you’re so hot,” he growled, his fingers rubbing faster, harder, making her squirm in the passenger seat. “Goddamn it, there’s got to be a place to pull over so I can fuck you...”

“Eyes on the road!” She opened her own, seeing the trees over her head, growing toward one another, reaching across the whole expanse of road so she couldn’t even see the sky.

“But you’re so beautiful,” he protested, his fingers moving lower, dipping into her pussy and pressing in. “And wet! Christ! You make my cock so hard...”

“You hard for me, baby?” A slow smile spread over her lips.

“You have no idea.”

“I’m gonna find out.” She moved quickly, before he could say anything, kneeling on the passenger seat and unzipping his jeans. His cock sprang free and she took it into her mouth without a word, sucking the precum off the tip, hearing his moan being carried away with the wind.

“Baby,” he gasped, his hand in her hair, pressing her down on his throbbing length. “Oh fuck...”

Carrie moaned when his hand slid down her body, moving underneath and yanking her dress up so he could cup her aching mound.

They weren't going that fast, but the road required quite a bit of concentration, with all its dips and turns, and she worried that they really were going to wreck their brand new baby, especially because the longer she sucked, the louder Doc moaned and the more his hips began to move uncontrollably.

But she didn't want to stop. She could taste his precum and wanted more. Her pussy throbbed under the press of his fingers and she wiggled and thrust, aching for more. The car swerved and Carrie gasped, her mouth losing its grip on the head of his cock.

"Doc!" she cried, looking up and seeing that he had, indeed, found a place to pull over. Or, more to the point, pull into. The Mustang was parked sideways on the grass in a very old cemetery. The headstones were grey with age, the names and dates barely legible.

"Get over here." Doc grabbed the edge of his seat and shoved it as far back as it would go, and before she knew what was happening, Carrie was straddling him, sliding his cock deep into her waiting cunt.

He'd pulled toward the back of the cemetery, away from the road, and there were no cars. They rocked together, Doc's hands moving under her sundress, tracing the curve of her waist, cupping her breasts as she rode him faster, faster.

"Fuck, baby," he groaned as she slammed her pelvis into his again and again. "Fuck! You're gonna make me come!"

"Yes," she whispered, leaning in to kiss him, her tongue moving between his lips, feeling her own climax catch up with her in that moment. She shuddered in his lap, his hands reaching around and grabbing her ass as he thrust up, emptying himself into her spasming pussy.

"Oh God," she whispered, panting against his neck.

"Can't do that with kids around, either." Doc chuckled, picking colored leaves out of her hair that had fallen from the tree they were parked under.

"I don't think I need much more convincing." She laughed, slowly climbing off him and easing back into the passenger seat.

Doc tucked himself back in, watching his wife straighten her dress and dig Kleenex out of her purse to clean herself up.

"Thank God for leather seats," he said as she pulled her dress down over her knees again.

“Ha.” She laughed. “Well I guess, we’ve officially christened Betty Blue.”

“She’s a hell of a ride.” Doc grinned, putting the car in gear. “But so are you, Mrs. Baumgartner.”

She rolled her eyes, but she laughed as he eased the Mustang back onto the little barely-two-lane road. When the drive was over and Doc pulled into a parking lot, cutting the Mustang’s engine, she didn’t want it to end. She could have ridden with him in Betty Blue all the way to the ends of the earth and back again.

“Where are we?” she asked, but the sign in front of the restaurant announced that clearly enough. Birches on the Bay. The log cabin front was quaint, but the cars parked in the lot—BMW’s, Mercedes, Jaguars—told her this was no little backwoods diner.

Doc had made reservations and they were seated almost immediately at a terrace out back. The sun was low on the horizon, setting the lake on fire. The air was much cooler than it had been during the day, but the terrace was equipped with tall space heaters and the waiter offered her a light blanket for her bare legs, which she was grateful for.

Most of the tables were full—the place was clearly popular with the tourists. They ordered dinner and drinks—a Pina Colada for her and a Tom Collins for him—and sat together at the table, just smiling at each other in the orange glow of the sun.

“Look at that garden,” she exclaimed, pointing to a stone path leading down from the terrace that ended at a low brick wall, clearly a drop-off, where the view of Lake Michigan was spectacular.

“We’ll go for a walk after dinner,” he promised.

Funny how a long drive could work up an appetite, even when you weren’t really doing anything physical. She ate almost all of her filet, giving Doc the rest. The rosemary potatoes were like creamy bliss in her mouth and the grilled asparagus was fresh and delicious.

“Dessert?” Doc asked her as the waiter approached.

“I’m full.” She sat back and rubbed her belly like Gordon had earlier that day, although, even slightly distended, hers was far less obvious.

So Doc paid the check and, as promised, he led her down the stone walkway through the garden. There were ferns growing on each side, and hostas, too. Most of the flowers had faded along with the summer, but the

tree leaves were turning glorious shades of color over their heads, making a multicolored carpet on the grass as they walked to the very edge to look out at the water.

There was, indeed, a drop-off, one so steep it made her feel dizzy looking over the wall. Down there was the tan sand of a Michigan beach that stretched as far as she could see in either direction. It was too cold to swim, even though it had gotten up to seventy-four degrees that day, unusually warm for autumn. The water would be much, much colder.

Two kids, probably eleven or twelve, were feeding quarters to the binocular machine, taking turns looking for boats out on the lake.

“You miss that?” Doc asked, putting his arms around her waist from behind, smiling over at the kids fighting over whose turn it was.

“A part of me does,” she admitted. “But... I think it’s just nostalgia. I’m happy, Doc. I really am.”

“Good.” He breathed a sigh of relief. “Because you scared the hell out of me earlier.”

“I’m not leaving you.” She turned in his arms, putting hers around his neck, her eyes soft, serious. “Not ever. You’re the only man in my life, and you always will be.”

“You mean that?” He tilted his head with the question.

“Yes,” she breathed. She’d never meant it more.

“Good, because I have something...”

“To tell me?” She cocked her head, smiling. “Is it nuclear bomb time?”

“Maybe.” He took something out of his pocket, getting down on one knee in the grass.

“Doc!” She glanced around, seeing others, gathered to watch the sun set over the horizon, now watching them. Her gaze returned to her kneeling husband, and it dawned on her what his posture and the box in his hand meant, but she asked the question anyway. “What are you doing?”

“Marry me,” he said.

They had a real audience now. People were gathering to watch them instead of the sunset.

“But we’re already...” Her voice trailed off as he opened the little blue Tiffany’s box in his hand, revealing a ring that, she realized in an instant, had to have cost almost as much as Betty Blue. “Oh my God.”

“Marry me again,” he said. “I want to spend every last minute with you, Carrie—you’re the only woman I’ve ever met that makes my life worth living.”

“Are you serious?” she whispered, looking from him to the ring and back again. “You really want to get married again?”

“I can’t think of a better way to start again, can you?”

She shook her head, tears in her eyes, but the words caught at the lump growing in her throat.

“Is that a yes or a no?” Doc asked, his dark eyes on hers.

“Yes!” Her tears fell freely now, and applause erupted all around them, where at least two dozen people had gathered. “Yes, yes!”

She clung to him when he stood to put the ring on her finger. She stayed there, warm in his arms as they stood, silent, watching the sun disappear into the water, leaving ribbons of pink and orange behind, bobbing on the surface.

“I love you,” he whispered against her forehead, planting a soft kiss there.

Carrie felt her purse vibrate, and knew it was Jody, texting her, and she felt a sudden, sharp stab of pain in her chest. Doc had planned this whole weekend, had done all of this for her, to show her just how much of their lives they had left to live—for each other, with each other—and how did she repay him?

By lying and keeping secrets from the one man in the whole world who understood her like no one else.

“I love you too,” she choked out, feeling tears rising again, and she hid those too, pressing her face against his chest and shivering with emotion.

“You cold, baby?” he asked, rubbing his hands up and down her bare arms.

She nodded, lying about that too, letting him turn and lead her back up the stone pathway.

Chapter Four

She didn't tell him.

They spent a glorious weekend at the bed and breakfast, mostly naked. Except for Carrie's giant new wedding ring. She told Doc she was going to go around naked all the time now, so she wouldn't snag it on sweaters and skirts. He laughed and squeezed her ass and told her she was the most beautiful woman in the world. And she didn't argue with him. He certainly made her feel that way.

By the time they were driving home in Betty Blue, she was so sore she could hardly walk—not that she cared. She was also exhausted, in spite of sleeping in until noon every day. That was what they got for staying up having sex until four in the morning, she supposed. They'd eaten decadent food, spent hours making love, shopping for souvenirs she could mail off to the kids, and buying things they didn't need. She had a whole box full of flavored vinegars and oils she couldn't wait to start cooking with, for starters.

But what they didn't do was talk about the future. The whole weekend was about living for the moment, in the moment. And they'd made the best of it. She would have told him when they got home, but they had carried the energy from the weekend over, and they'd spent the following week not being able to keep their hands off each other.

Poor neglected Jody had texted her several times, asking what was wrong, and she made time for her where she could. But there was nothing wrong—it was just that Doc had been coming home early, or going in late, and they'd been spending that time fucking in every available room in the house, in every position known to man. And some, she was pretty sure, only known to a few animals.

They'd only been home a week or so when Doc came home and dropped another bombshell.

"Pack your suitcase, we're going on another road trip."

"Am I having deja-vu?" She sat in the living room in front of the television, which was on, but muted. She gaped at him, holding a glass of wine in one hand, a book in the other.

"Nah." He laughed. "Last time I came in and said we were going on a road trip, you were naked in bed—and so was Jody."

“Oh, yeah.” She flushed at the memory. She had been naked in bed with Jody—at least, virtually—just a few hours ago. Tonight was Doc’s late night, and he’d actually come in later than usual—American Idol was on the television. He gave her a knowing look, like he knew exactly what she’d been doing just a few hours ago.

“Where are we going?” she inquired.

“Time-share.” He came to sit beside her, taking the glass out of her hand and taking a sip of red wine before setting it on the coffee table. “Brady wants us to go down and show the house. He wants to sell it as soon as possible.”

“Sell it...” She put her book down in her lap, all the breath gone from her body. She felt paralyzed. It wasn’t that she hadn’t heard Doc when he said Brady wanted to sell his part in the time-share, she had. Maybe she’d been in denial, or maybe she had just glossed over it. But she had heard him. She distinctly remembered him saying it.

“You look like you just saw a ghost,” he said.

She nodded, opening her mouth to speak, but nothing would come out. The memories they’d created in that time share were priceless to her. The thought of selling it, of never returning to their private beach again, brought tears to her eyes.

“I thought...” She swallowed hard. “Maybe, we’d buy Brady out?”

“Yeah, I thought about it.” Doc’s brow knitted. “But if Gordon wants us to be fiscally responsible, it’s not the smartest thing to do. Brady already sub-let his half of it for most of the year to his niece, but she’s moving to Texas. We’d have to find someone to either take care of the maintenance when we weren’t there, or rent it out... except for those weeks we’d want to use it. Hard to find a tenant willing to clear out a couple weeks a year...”

“I guess you’re right.” She sighed, relenting. “Marcy’s done some real estate deals in Florida. I think she still has her license. I can ask her about listing it...”

“That’s what Brady was hoping.”

“We really can’t afford to buy it?” she asked. “I mean, with our new three-point-whatever-millions?”

“Probably.” Doc nodded slowly, contemplating it. “But it’s not the initial cost that’s the problem. It’s what we’re going to do with it after we

buy it where we run into trouble.”

“Right.” She sighed, curling up against him and putting her head on his chest. The thought of giving up the time share was heartbreaking, but Doc was right. What were they going to do with it the other 50 weeks of the year? “Well... I guess we can go down and have one last hurrah...”

“Go swimming nude at night.” He squeezed an arm around her shoulder. “Have sex on the beach.”

“So much happened there...” The memories flooded her, making her chest ache.

“I remember...” He stroked her hair.

“Remember the Christmas we took Ronnie with us?”

“Hell yeah.” Doc chuckled. “How could I forget? She was such a little hottie...”

“She still is.” Carrie smiled, remembering the last time they’d seen their young babysitter. She was all grown up now, but still just as gorgeous—and, thanks to the Baumgartners, just as sexually adventurous.

“How are they doing?” Doc asked, reaching for the remote and turning off the television. Carrie noted that a Viralon commercial had just come on.

“They had another baby,” she reminded him. “A little boy. I showed you the announcement.”

“Oh yeah, now I remember...” He nodded. “Bald little fella, wasn’t he?”

“He’s got hair now.” She laughed. “That’s where we met Gretchen, too, you know.”

“Bet me that’s another wedding invitation we’ll be getting in the mail this year.”

“You think she’s going to marry him?” Carrie looked up at him, curious. Gretchen, who had always been bisexual, had lived with them until the kids were grown and off to college, but she’d flown the coop too. With all of the women that had been in and out of their lives, the two of them were the only constants. They were like one heartbeat now.

“Last time we talked, she was head over heels for him,” he mused, shrugging. “She’s at that age, you know, when the biological clock starts ticking...”

“Life goes on, I guess.” Carrie smiled, tucking her head back under his chin. Just a few weeks ago, she’d been panicked, thinking about everyone grown and gone, but after their weekend away, Doc had convinced her. Their nest might be empty, but they had a lot of years left together. And they could make the most of them.

“Well, I’m sure they’ll all be surprised when they get the invitation for our vow renewal.” He kissed the top of her head.

“Ha. Probably.” She hadn’t told him she’d already been on Pinterest—why didn’t they have Pinterest when she’d planned her wedding? It was a wealth of ideas, and she’d already found three dresses she liked. “How fast does Brady want to sell it? Maybe we could get married on the beach down there...”

“Hm, maybe.”

“I’d really like that.” She undid the top button of his shirt, looking at the ring on her hand, with its thick, gold band and three carat marquis-cut diamond. “Would be a nice little bit of closure.”

“If we can make it happen, we will,” he assured her, covering her hand with his and squeezing.

“They’re going to kill me at work.” She frowned, undoing the next button of his shirt. “All this time off.”

“Hey, you work on commission,” he said, smiling as she slipped a hand into the V she’d made in his shirt. “You can take all the time off you want, Mrs. Baumgartner.”

“Besides, aren’t we independently wealthy now?” she smirked, letting his chest hair curl around her fingers.

“Well, not exactly.” He laughed. “But we’re a lot richer than we were a month ago.”

Her fingertips grazed his nipple and he made a little noise in his throat, hips shifting.

“You up for another long drive?” His hand moved down her shoulder, fingers slipping under her arm, stroking the side of her breast through her blouse.

“We’re driving?” she asked, surprised. “But wouldn’t it be faster to fly?”

“Faster, sure, but nowhere near as fun.” He grinned.

“You just want to show off Betty Blue.” She laughed, continuing to unbutton his shirt. “Brady’s fine with you taking the time off?”

“Actually, I forgot to tell you,” he said. “He’s training a new guy. Don Fisher—about ten years younger than us. Someone who will likely come in and partner with me when I buy Brady out.”

“When?” She cocked her head, looking at him speculatively. He hadn’t said, one way or another, if he’d made a decision.

“When... if...” Doc shrugged, making another low noise when she deliberately traced his nipple with her fingertip. “Mmmm...”

“You hungry?” she asked, letting her hand trail down his now bare abdomen, stopping when she reached his crotch, feeling his cock growing hard. “I made myself a salad for dinner, but I can heat up the stir-fry I made yesterday...”

“I had Subway for dinner.” He groaned when she squeezed her hand around his swollen cock through his khakis. “Did you talk to Jody today?”

“Uh-huh...” She flushed at the memory, at the way Jody’s cum had erupted over her pumping fist. It had been a day or so since they’d played, and she’d come so hard, the first blast had actually hit her cheek. Carrie shivered, still seeing her licking cum off her fingers. God, how she wished she could taste...

“Have fun?” Doc moved his hips with the motion of her rubbing hand.

“Always.” Carrie half-smiled, using her long fingernail to trace the head of his cock through the material. “Jody thinks you’re sexy.”

“She does?” Doc raised his dark brows. “She told you that?”

“Uh-huh.” Carrie nodded her blonde head, meeting her husband’s lust-filled eyes. God, she loved turning him on, and she knew he loved thinking about his wife being with another woman. And Jody really had mentioned thinking Doc was sexy. Actually, what she said was, “Just looking at that sexy man make me sweat like a whore in church,” but Carrie didn’t tell Doc that. She wanted to tell him more about her Skype session with Jody—Doc called it Skexing, a play on sexting—but she knew heading down that road meant trouble.

“So I guess it’s time to put some more miles on Betty Blue.” She started unzipping his pants and his eyes lit up.

“She deserves it.” He lifted his hips as she eased his khakis down his hips. “You ready for another road trip?”

“I told you,” she said, getting to her knees on the carpet between his legs, his cock springing gloriously free against her cheek. “I’d go anywhere with you.”

* * * *

“So where’s your sexy man now?” Jody was out by the pool when she answered Carrie’s FaceTime call. If the big, kidney-shaped in-ground in the background wasn’t evidence enough, Jody was wearing a red bikini top. And presumably, bottoms, but Carrie could only see so much.

“Out buying stuff for the trip.”

“You two are road warriors lately.”

Carrie smiled. “Doc loves driving the Mustang.”

“I can’t blame him.” Jody laughed. “I saw the pictures. That car is almost as hot as you are.”

“Almost.” Carrie sat on the edge of her bed, where her suitcase was almost packed. “You’re looking nice and brown.”

“It’s been eighty here all week.” Jody glanced up at the sky, which was bright blue and beautiful. “You two are going to fry in Florida.”

“It’s supposed to cool down toward the end of the week,” Carrie replied. “Should be in the eighties instead of the nineties. I can live with that.”

“Going to lose those tan lines?” Jody’s finely arched brows rose and a slow smile spread over her face at the thought.

“That’s the plan.” Carrie got up to get another bikini out of her drawer while she was thinking about it. “I can’t wait to lie out on the beach naked.”

“Mmm, I’d like to see that.”

“Hey, what do you think about us stopping by?” Carrie tucked her white bikini—she already had four packed—into the front pocket of her rolling bag. “On our way, I mean. We’re going right through Atlanta.”

“I’d love it, babygirl...” Jody bit her lip, glancing behind her, but no one was there. “It’s just... Jackie’s home...”

“Can’t you get away?” Carrie frowned, sitting cross-legged on the bed and looking at Jody’s image on her phone. The woman was stunning, as always. “Even just for lunch?”

“Maybe.” Jody sighed. “Have you told Doc yet?”

“...No,” she confessed, after a brief hesitation. “I meant to. I really did. There’s just been so much going on...”

“It’s okay,” Jody said, although her face said something different. “I understand.”

“I’m not ashamed of this,” Carrie told her, holding the phone closer. That thought broke her heart. It wasn’t so much that she thought Doc would judge—she knew he wouldn’t—but more that, in clarifying the ‘rules’ about this polyamorous relationship they had, Jody might be excluded from the list of things that were okay. And that wouldn’t be okay with her. Not at all.

And then what? She’d have to choose, between Jody and Doc?

She didn’t want to face that choice.

“I’m not ashamed of you,” Carrie insisted. “I hope you know that.”

“Okay.” Jody shrugged, averting her eyes.

“Jody, I mean it.” Carrie shook her phone like she could reach out and shake her too. “This isn’t about you. I’m just... I’m a fucking coward. That’s what I am.”

“You don’t have to tell him,” Jody said softly, her southern accent softening her words. “You don’t ever have to tell him. I’m happy with this, you know. With us.”

“You don’t want more?” she asked. That broke her heart too. “I mean... if I tell him... when I tell him... it could open up all sorts of possibilities...”

Or close them off entirely. But she didn’t want to think about that.

“Like what, babygirl?” Jody’s mouth twitched with a smile. “You guys gonna adopt me?”

“That would make up for not being adopted as kids, huh?” Carrie laughed. When they’d become friends so long ago, both of them had been housed in at the Judd Center, with a bunch of other foster kids who had wanted to be adopted as much as they did. No one had ever adopted either of them, in the end. The “uncle” who had shown up to take Jody down south to his home in Georgia had turned out to want his then-nephew as slave labor on his farm. Carrie had drifted from placement to placement until she was done with high school.

“I have a life here with Jackie,” Jody reminded her. “And you’ve got a life with Doc.”

“But you’re not happy...” Carrie swallowed. She hated bringing it up, because it always made Jody look so sad when she did. “You’ve told me so.”

“What’s happy?” Jody shrugged one slim, brown shoulder, waving the word away with a hand tipped with long, pink, pearly nails. “I have everything I need here. You know, I loved Jackie... and I think he loved me. Once upon a time. But this isn’t a fairy tale, babygirl. Now... now I need him.”

“Why do you need him?” Carrie asked, leaning back against the headboard, her knees drawn up as she cradled the phone in her hands. “Honestly, why? You don’t sleep together. He’s gone all the time. And when he is around, all he has to say is jump, and you say how high...”

Jody sighed, that sad look back in her eyes. “It’s complicated.”

But Carrie wasn’t willing to let it go, not this time. They had the opportunity to meet, to see each other, to touch each other, even if was just a brushing kiss on the cheek and long, lingering embrace. Carrie wanted that. Was it too much to ask?

“He wants you to transition,” Carrie went on, bringing up a topic that Jody had avoided since she first, tearfully, told her about it. “Do you really think he’s going to give up on that idea? You act like he’s going to forget about it or something. You keep putting him off, but you can’t put him off forever.”

Jody wouldn’t look at her. She just shook her head, but didn’t say anything. Carrie thought she saw tears gleaming in her eyes and knew she shouldn’t have brought it up. But she couldn’t understand how Jody could stay with a man who didn’t want to accept her choices.

“Jody...” Carrie swallowed, trying to find words to make it better.

“Look, I know.” Jody cleared her throat, shook her head, pulling her long, dark hair over one shoulder. “I know, okay?”

“Jody, you have to realize...” Was she really going to say this? But even the lump in Carrie’s throat didn’t hold the words back. “All the money he’s spent on your surgeries and everything else so far. He seems like the kind of guy who’s used to getting his way.”

“He is.” Jody pursed her lips, then her gaze shifted back to her phone screen, back to Carrie. “You think you don’t know how to tell Doc

about us? Well, I don't know how to tell Jackie that I'm happy the way I am—that I don't want any more surgeries.”

That stopped her. Carrie hadn't yet broached a difficult subject with her husband, but her issue paled in comparison. Jody was facing something far greater, and she didn't blame her, not really, for being unable to speak up. Who was she to judge? She hadn't even found a way to tell her open-minded, polyamorous husband that she was in love with a transgendered woman.

“You've made a bargain with the devil,” Carrie whispered, as if that devil might overhear.

“I know.” Jody's voice was choked, barely audible. “But I can't leave. I don't have anywhere to go.”

“Well...” Carrie's spine straightened. “Maybe you do.”

“No.” Jody looked away and Carrie saw a tear slip down her cheek. “No, I don't.”

“Don't say that.” Carrie pleaded with her. “You don't know...”

“Neither do you. You haven't even told your husband,” Jody reminded her softly. “You can't expect him to open his arms to me, just because you want him to.”

Carrie's voice was small. “I think he'd get used to the idea...”

“I want someone who wants me, not someone who has to get used to me.”

“That's not what I meant.” She sighed, wishing she could put her arms around Jody and just hold her. If she could only do that, just that. “And... I want you.”

“I want you too, babygirl.” Jody sniffed, swiping tears off her cheek.

“So let's meet for lunch,” Carrie urged, trying hard to persuade her. “It's just lunch.”

“Hm, like our first phone call was just going to be a quick call...?” Jody teased, her eyes glittering with the memory. Carrie flushed, remembering. They'd spent four hours on the phone that first time, reminiscing, talking about the directions their lives had taken since.

And then there was the phone sex. The attraction had been so strong. Instant. It hadn't taken Carrie long to assimilate the fact that the Jody she'd known as a boy was now, in fact, a woman. Although, it had been several weeks before Jody confessed that she hadn't fully transitioned. And a month

or more before she'd confessed that, in fact, she didn't want to transition any further at all.

"If I tell Doc, will you meet us for lunch?"

"Just lunch, huh?" Jody's smile widened, that familiar, mischievous look back in her eyes. Carrie was glad and grateful to see it.

"I swear." Carrie held up two fingers. "Girl Scouts honor."

She laughed. "You were never a Girl Scout."

"No, but I love their cookies." Carrie grinned back.

"Justine!"

The loud voice startled them both. Jody actually looked scared for a moment, and it made Carrie's heart leap to her throat.

"I've got to go," Jody whispered, holding the phone so close, all Carrie could see was her perfect, lipsticked mouth.

"He calls you 'Justine'?" Carrie asked, but Jody was already getting up from her lounge chair, heading toward the house. She saw flashes of Jody's red bikini, her navel ring, as she walked, carrying the phone. "Jody? Are you okay?"

"We'll talk later," Jody whispered, and ended the call.

* * * *

They stopped in Chattanooga to spend the night in a hotel. Florida was a twenty-four hour drive from their Michigan suburb. They might have done it all in one day back in their college days, but not anymore. Instead, they checked into a Holiday Inn. Nothing fancy, just something with a bed and a shower in a neighborhood that seemed safe enough to park Betty Blue.

Carrie didn't like sleeping in a strange bed. You never knew what you were going to get in a hotel, but the king-sized mattress was nice and firm and she actually slept pretty soundly, once she actually got to sleep.

Doc nodded right off, snoring gently, one arm thrown over his eyes in the dark, but he'd been driving for almost ten straight hours. Carrie was the navigator and D.J.—which wasn't nearly as taxing—with her iPhone plugged into Betty Blue's GPS and sound system.

Not that she wasn't tired. She was. But her last conversation with Jody kept her awake, tossing and turning, looking for a cool spot on the pillow.

We'll talk later.

That was the last Carrie had heard from her.

No response to texts, emails, Facebook messages, FaceTime, or Skype. Nothing. And Carrie had tried. She'd texted Jody so much over the past ten hours, Doc had finally demanded to know just what in the hell was going on. Carrie had confessed, a little hesitantly, that she was worried. She didn't say why exactly—just that Jody was having boyfriend troubles, and hadn't been responding to her various attempts at communication.

"Should we go by there?" Doc had asked, looking concerned. There was nothing like a damsel in distress to bring out the best in him.

"I don't have her address," Carrie had confessed. She could have kicked herself for not getting it before they left. It had been Doc who originally broached the subject of seeing Jody on their way through Georgia. His suggestion, his idea. Of course, she still hadn't told him her secret. Jody's secret.

"Well, keep trying," Doc had told her, handing her phone back. "Maybe she's listed?"

But she wasn't. And there was no Jack or Jackie Benton listed in the Atlanta area. Carrie had checked.

So they went to bed without having heard from her, and the moment Carrie opened her eyes in the morning, still disoriented, not quite even knowing where she was yet, she reached for her phone to check for a message from her.

Nothing. Still nothing.

They were an hour out of Atlanta, The Eagles playing on Carrie's iPod, both of them singing along to Life in the Fast Lane, when her phone rang. The Bluetooth picked it up and the song faded. Jody didn't even wait for Carrie to say anything.

"I'm in trouble, babygirl." Her lilting, southern drawl came through the sound system.

"Jody?" Carrie grabbed her phone out of the stand, pressing the button so she could take the call of Betty Blue's speakers. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know what to do." She sounded stunned.

"What happened?"

"He flew off the handle." Jody's voice was low, like she was trying to keep someone from hearing her. "I told him. I told him everything. And he just went insane. He's off his nut. I don't know what to do."

“Where are you?” Carrie asked, her heart beating hard. “Where is he?”

“I don’t know.”

“What do you mean, you don’t know?”

“Well I’m not daft,” Jody said, snorting. Carrie could almost see her rolling those big, dark eyes. “I packed my bag before I told him. And I high-tailed it out of there when he started throwing stuff at my head.”

“Oh Jody...” Carrie glanced over at her husband when Doc put a hand on her bare knee. He squeezed, looking concerned. “Are you all right?”

“I don’t know.” Jody let out a long sigh. Her voice was shaky. “I don’t know what I’m going to do. He’s going to find me. Carrie, if he finds me...”

“He’s not going to find you. Hang on one sec.” Carrie hit mute and looked at Doc. She put her hand over his on her leg. “Can we stop? We’re going right through Atlanta.”

“Sure.” He agreed instantly. “What’s going on?”

“The boyfriend. He got mean.” Carrie didn’t like to think about just how mean. She was almost afraid to ask. “Jody’s left him but he may come after her. Can we take her with us?”

“To Florida?” Doc’s eyebrows went up.

Carrie bit her lip, nodding.

“Are you asking if we can keep her?” He grinned, squeezing her knee.

“We’ll cross that bridge later.” She smiled knowingly back at him. “For now, we’ve got to get her away from him.”

“Get an address,” he said with a nod.

Carrie unmuted her phone. “Jody, where are you?”

“I don’t have a car,” she said. “I walked down the street and called a cab. I had him drop me downtown at the Westin.”

“Is that a hotel?”

“Yes, babygirl.” Jody chuckled. “The Westin Peachtree. But I was sitting here, thinking about what I was going to do, and I realized... I can’t use my card to rent a room. And I paid the cab driver with the last of my cash.”

"It's okay, we're on our way," Carrie assured her. "We're about an hour from Atlanta. Can you wait there for an hour?"

"There's a bar and I've got a pretty face," Jody told her. "I'll be fine for an hour."

"Okay." Carrie laughed. "We'll pick you up in the lobby of the Westin Peachtree in downtown Atlanta."

Jody hesitated and then asked, "Are you sure?"

"Are you kidding me?" Carrie exclaimed. "Yes, I'm sure!"

"What about Doc?"

"He knows you're in trouble." Carrie met her husband's dark, concerned gaze. "He wants to help."

Jody's voice lowered. "But he still doesn't know..."

"Uhhh." Carrie looked out the window at the cars passing by, biting her lip. "...no."

Jody just sighed.

"Is she sure she's going to be safe there?" Doc asked, shaking Carrie's knee, jolting her attention back.

"Jody, are you sure you're going to be safe there?" she repeated. Her stomach was doing slow flips and she actually felt a little nauseous, thinking about Jody being in danger.

"I imagine it's going to take Jackie a little while to get out of the handcuffs, so yes, I think I'll be all right until you get here," Jody drawled casually.

"Handcuffs?" Carrie exclaimed. Doc's eyes widened.

"Did you think I was going to tell him without a plan?" Jody scoffed. "I might be crazy, babygirl, but I'm not stupid."

"You handcuffed him?"

Doc chuckled, muttering under his breath, "Good girl."

"Well, yes," Jody admitted. "But that was before I told him. Jackie likes to be restrained and roughed up a little bit. It's a thing with him."

"I thought you weren't having sex?"

"We're not." Jody cleared her throat. "Um... Exactly. It's complicated..."

"Tell her to watch for us," Doc interrupted, shaking his wife's knee again.

“We’ll be in the blue Mustang convertible,” Carrie told her. “Blue. You can’t miss it. Can you watch for us from the bar?”

“Yes, I’ll see you.”

“Make sure she’s safe,” Doc insisted.

Carrie spoke into the phone. “You’re sure he won’t know where you are?”

“It will probably be hours before someone hears him,” Jody told her. “I gave the house staff the day off. But I did forget the pool boy was coming today. I met him on my way out.”

“Damnit,” Carrie swore under her breath, talking to Doc. “She thinks he might come after her.”

“Tell her to get off the phone and take the battery out,” he instructed. “Now.”

“Why?” Carrie cocked her puzzled head. “Then I can’t call her.”

“Yes, but he can’t track her either,” Doc pointed out. “GPS.”

“Oh.” A light dawned and Carrie told her, “Doc says to take the battery out of your phone so he can’t trace you.”

“Smart man,” Jody remarked. “I will, as soon as we hang up. Hurry, babygirl. I have a bad feeling.”

“Tell her we’ll be there in half an hour,” Doc said.

Carrie crooked the phone, frowning at him. “Doc, we’re an hour away.”

“Only if I’m doing the speed limit.” Doc hit the gas and Carrie squealed, hanging onto the dashboard as the Mustang accelerated so fast it made her ears hurt.

“We’re on our way, okay?” Carrie assured Jody, glancing at the speedometer, which was climbing up from eighty. “We’ll be there in—what is it you southerners say?—two shakes of a lamb’s tail?”

Jody laughed.

“Carrie, listen...” she said, lowering her voice again. “If I don’t talk to you again... I love you.”

“Don’t talk like that.” Carrie felt tears pricking her eyes. “But I love you too. We’ll be right there, I promise. One shake of a lamb’s tail, even.”

Jody was still laughing when Carrie hung up.

“How did you know that, about the phone?” she asked, putting her iPhone back in the cradle and checking her seatbelt. She was afraid to look

at the speedometer now, but they were going so fast, it was like the cars they were passing were standing still.

Doc grinned. "Breaking Bad."

"Well at least all those hours of Netflix taught us something useful." She snorted.

"Is she going to be okay?" he asked.

"I think so." Carrie worried her lip. "I hope so."

"What is going on, Carrie?" he asked. Both hands were on the steering wheel now, but he looked over at her, leveling her with a dark look. "Tell me."

She nodded, picking at invisible lint on her light blue sundress. She knew she should tell him. Needed to tell him. But she couldn't. She still couldn't bring herself to do it.

"Her boyfriend's very rich," she started. "She thinks she needs to stay with him for the money. But he's..."

"Does he hit her?" Doc interrupted.

"No, I don't think so." She shook her head. "But he's very controlling. He wants her to... do things."

"What kind of things?"

Carrie hesitated, deciding to stick as close to the truth as possible. Maybe if she just revealed things a little at a time...

"He wants her to get surgery."

"Surgery?" Doc frowned. "What, like breast implants?"

"Well, she's already got those."

"Really? Those weren't real?" he exclaimed. Carrie smacked him on the bicep and he laughed. "What, they looked real!"

"He wants her to be something she's not," she told him "He wants to turn her into some sort of... Barbie doll."

"And she doesn't want to?"

"Not anymore." Carrie thought about Jody's oft-repeated phrase—it's complicated. Boy, was it. "She's already been through quite a few surgeries. And he's paid for all of them. But she's done. And she finally told him that."

"And it sounds like the boyfriend wasn't too happy about that?"

"No," she agreed. "He wasn't."

"But he hasn't hurt her?"

“No.” Carrie shook her head. “I mean, I know she’s terrified of him. Of what he might do when he gets angry. He’s volatile. And she’s said, several times, that she’s not sure what he’s capable of...”

Tears were threatening again and she blinked them back, taking a long, deep, shuddery breath. Doc’s hand moved back to her knee, squeezing gently, reassuring.

“It’s gonna be okay,” he reassured her softly. “We’ll ride in on our Mustang and rescue the fair lady.”

Carrie smiled through her tears, leaning over and kissing his cheek.

“What was that for?” he asked, half-smiling.

“I’m just so grateful for you,” she sniffed. “I’m a lucky woman.”

“I’m a lucky man,” he countered as Carrie settled back in the passenger seat, hanging on as Doc passed a semi in front of them. “Sounds like she’s at quite a crossroads too, huh?”

“That seems to be going around.” Carrie took a Kleenex out of her purse, dabbing at her eyes. She told herself that Jody was going to be okay. Doc was traveling at roughly the speed of light, and if they didn’t get pulled over, they’d be to Atlanta in no time.

“Well, this is a hell of a surprise, huh?” Doc asked, glancing in the rear view mirror as he pulled in front of the semi.

“You have no idea...” Carrie murmured.

“What do you mean?” Doc gave her a small, bemused smile.

She just replied, purposely mysterious, “You’ll see...”

Chapter Five

“Is that her?” Doc asked as they pulled up to the front of the hotel.

It was a giant, mirrored tower, quite impressive and a little imposing.

“That’s her.” Carrie would have known her anywhere.

Jody’s back was to them—it looked like she was having a conversation with a valet—but she knew the curve of her back, the rounded, tight rise of her ass, her long hair spilling over the back of a black velvet, sequined dress. Only Jody would pack a bag and leave her lover wearing four inch spiked heels and a little black dress.

Doc put the car in park and opened the driver’s side door. Carrie got out, too, heart racing. Her palms were actually sweating, she was so nervous. She’d imagined this moment a hundred—no, a thousand—times, but she’d never pictured it like this, riding up to Jody’s rescue.

“No, thanks, sugar,” Jody told the valet in that soft, dulcet southern accent as Carrie approached, feeling suddenly underdressed in her blue sundress and sandals. “The cavalry is on the way.”

“The cavalry has arrived,” Doc called out, just a few steps behind his wife.

Jody turned, blinking in surprise in the warm, Georgia sunshine. Carrie met the other woman’s gaze, feeling her breath catch and her ass clench. My God, she was stunning. Just plain, drop-dead gorgeous. It would have been a sin if Jody had decided to remain, hormonally anyway, a man. She made a far better looking woman than most Carrie had ever known.

“Babygirl.” Jody’s eyes lit up and she held her tawny limbs out for a hug.

“Hi,” Carrie breathed, saying the dumbest thing she could imagine, but it didn’t matter. Jody’s arms went around her and the two women embraced. Carrie breathed in her scent, something like ginger and citrus, clean and cool.

“You look like a pure ray of sunshine.” Jody looked her up and down as they parted, still holding hands, and Carrie remembered she had lungs and started breathing again.

“You’re gorgeous,” Carrie blurted, glancing over her shoulder at her husband, feeling his presence behind her. “Oh, Doc, this is Jody. Jody,

Doc.”

“Hey handsome.” Jody smiled, holding out her hand, silver bangles clinking on her wrist as Doc took it and held it in both of his for a moment. “Thanks for charging in on your Mustang to save a lady in distress.”

“It’s the least I could do, ma’am.” Doc tipped an imaginary cowboy hat, doing his best southern accent. He glanced down at her bag—just one, a rolling carry-on. “Is the rest of your stuff inside the hotel?”

“Oh that’s all I have,” Jody replied with a little smile. “I learned to pack light in the army.”

“You were in the army?” Doc did a double take as he went to get her bag.

“Career 88H,” Jody said with a nod.

“A what?” Carrie blinked. She’d known Jody was in the service, of course, but she’d never heard that term before.

Jody smirked. “I handled the insertion and extraction of big loads.”

Carrie choked off a laugh, giving Jody a look that said, “Really?”

Jody shrugged one shoulder in apology, putting her purse over it, but she was smiling, that little mischievous smile that left Carrie feeling weak-kneed.

“I don’t speak army. What’s an 88H?” Doc asked, cocking an eyebrow as he picked up her bag, carrying it toward the car. Both women followed him.

“Cargo specialist,” Jody explained, watching Doc looking for a way to fit her bag into the trunk, but between his duffel and Carrie’s suitcase, it wasn’t going to be easy. There wasn’t a lot of trunk space in a Mustang.

“Even I couldn’t pack any more in that trunk.” Jody laughed when Doc raised both eyebrows at her this time. “You can put it in the backseat with me.”

“I can’t believe you’re here.” Carrie opened the passenger seat and pulled the seat forward so Jody could get into the back. “I feel like I’m dreaming.”

“Uh-oh.” Jody climbed gracefully in, heels and all, shielding her eyes from the glare of the sun as she looked toward the road. “Dream’s about to become a nightmare.”

Doc looked up from where he was putting Jody’s bag behind the driver’s seat.

“We better go.” Jody urged Carrie to get in. “If I’m not mistaken, that’s Jackie’s Mercedes, and if I have to see him, one of us may not walk away on our own.”

“Hurry, Doc.” Carrie shut the passenger door, twisting around to see a sleek, black Mercedes pulling into the driveway.

The Mustang’s engine was still running. Doc jumped into the car without opening the door, shifting swiftly into drive and laying hard on the gas.

“Hang on!” Carrie called back, reaching for her seatbelt.

The Mercedes screeched into the hotel parking lot, fishtailing as the Mustang roared in the opposite direction, around the bend of the circle drive.

“How did he find you?” Doc glanced in the rear view mirror, swerving around a Toyota pulling out into the road, barely missing it.

“Oh damnit.” Jody started fishing through her purse. “I got a call after I talked to you and I forgot all about taking the battery out of my phone...”

Jody’s phone went off just as she pulled it from her purse, ZZ Top’s Sharp Dressed Man playing loudly as the ringtone. Carrie turned, hanging onto the back of her seat, to see Jody frowning at her cell phone screen. She could see the Mercedes and the man behind the wheel. He didn’t look happy—and he was catching up to them.

“Hurry, Doc!” Carrie urged again.

“Hang on, you two!” Doc called back, flooring it. He just barely beat the light to the on-ramp, but the Mercedes, Jackie Benton cursing behind the wheel, got stuck in traffic at the light.

“Whoo-eee!” Jody laughed, her hand over Carrie’s, clutching the back of the leather seat.

Carrie’s heart was galloping in her chest like a herd of wild horses. The wind whipped her hair, and Jody’s, too, the convertible top still down as they headed onto the highway.

“Who’s calling you?” Carrie asked—she had to practically yell to be heard. Jody’s phone kept buzzing, playing Sharp Dressed Man.

“Who do you think?” Jody called back, looking at the screen. She made a face, sticking her tongue out at it before she casually tossed it to the side, right out of the moving vehicle.

Carrie gaped, watching it shatter into a thousand pieces on the pavement. The car behind them ran over a few of them, making the phone's destruction complete.

Their eyes met, Jody's bright and mischievous, Carrie's wide and disbelieving, and they both burst out laughing. Jody put her hand up for a high-five and Carrie gave it to her, both of them whooping and cheering.

Carrie searched the highway behind them, but she couldn't see the Mercedes. She didn't know how fast Doc was pushing the Mustang, but even in the front, where the wind was less, it stung her cheeks.

"As much as I love going topless." Jody shivered, leaning between the seats, her hair pulled over her shoulder into one hand to keep it from flying free. "I think I might just blow away back here."

"Windows up, Doc," Carrie agreed with a smile. "We'll pull over as soon as we can to put the top up."

Doc pushed the buttons for the power windows, glancing into the rear view, first at Jody, then behind him at the traffic. Carrie knew he was looking for the Mercedes, too. The windows began going up automatically as Jody unslung her purse again.

"We'll have to get you a new phone," Carrie said, looking again for the Mercedes but her view was obstructed by the rising convertible top.

"But what about all your contacts?" Doc asked.

"Oh, I keep my feathers numbered for just an emergency," Jody imitated in her best Foghorn Leghorn voice, pulling another cell phone from her purse and waving it with a smile. "Besides, there's no one back there I want to talk to anyway."

"Well, th-th-that's uh-uh-all, f-folks." Doc did a fairly good Porky Pig imitation, making both women laugh.

"That's right." Jody smiled, dropping the phone back into her purse and leaning between the two front seats, inserting herself between them. "So, what's up, Doc?"

"Oh, brother." Carrie rolled her eyes, shaking her head with a laugh. "You two are going to get along just fine."

"It's, what, eleven more hours to Key West?" Carrie asked, consulting her own phone for the GPS.

"Eight or nine by Mustang," Doc countered, passing a little, red, Ford Focus pattering along in the left lane.

Jody chuckled. "That sounds about right."

"I'm going to need your new number," Carrie said, calling up her contacts and looking over at Jody expectantly.

"You've got it already." Jody touched Carrie's bare arm with her fingertips, stroking lightly, and Carrie blinked at her, the realization settling in. "Besides... I'm right here, babygirl."

It was like taking a leap off a cliff in a dream and waking up just before you hit the ground. It jolted her, and Carrie felt tears begin to sting her eyes, but instead of waking up to find that she couldn't fly, she found herself opening her eyes to see her dream was coming true.

"I'm right here," Jody said again, softer this time, taking Carrie's chin in her hand and turning her more fully to face her.

"You are," Carrie whispered. She glanced only briefly at Doc and saw he was watching out of the corner of his eye, a small smile playing on his lips.

Then Carrie put her arms around her long-distance lover, breathing in the scent of oranges and sunshine, and kissed her.

Jody's mouth opened, her tongue making soft, velvet swirls against Carrie's eager lips. Carrie shifted in her seat, trying to get closer as the two women meshed together between the seats, limbs twined, eyes closed, completely lost in their first real kiss.

She wasn't even sure when they parted, it went on so long. Jody's hands moved over her shoulders, down her back, drawing her nearer until their breasts were pressed together, impossible softness that made Carrie melt.

When Carrie finally opened her eyes, Jody was still there, still very real. They looked at each other for a long while, Jody's finger tracing the line of Carrie's lips before trailing down her throat.

"I was going to try to push it all the way to the Keys, especially if we had someone tailing us..." Doc cleared his throat, glancing over at them. Carrie gave a little, embarrassed laugh, seeing both the surprise and hunger in her husband's eyes. He had clearly liked watching them kiss, although the energy that had taken them over had been powerful and all-consuming. She imagined he felt a little left out of it, even if he'd never say so. "But now... I think maybe we should stop and get a room for the night..."

"I think maybe that's a really good idea..." Carrie eased back into the passenger seat, but she took Jody's hand in hers, keeping her close.

There was no way she was going to let go again. Not ever.

* * * *

They stopped about six hours outside of Key West. Jody pointed out the Sun Surfer hotel and Carrie laughed, because they were in northern Florida and nowhere near the ocean yet.

"I've got to pee like a Russian racehorse," Jody exclaimed as she climbed out of the back seat on Doc's side. He gave her a hand out and she smiled at him.

"Standing up in the middle of the stall?" Doc laughed.

Carrie met Jody's eyes, giving her a warning look behind Doc's back as they walked next door toward the Cracker Barrel. Jody just smiled, reaching over and taking Carrie's hand as they entered the restaurant.

"Are you sure you want to eat here?" Carrie asked Jody, hanging back, keeping her voice low as Doc stepped up to tell the hostess they wanted a table.

"Oh, it's fine," Jody said as Doc came over to join them. "If you're worried about their social responsibility, they have cleaned all the crumbs out of the cracker barrel from the top down."

"She's says they're clearing a table," Doc told them, sliding an arm around his wife's waist. Carrie leaned against him. "I didn't know there was an issue with Cracker Barrel?"

"Do you live under a rock?" Carrie cocked her head at him, smiling and shaking her head.

"I hate listening to the news." He laughed, shrugging a shoulder. "It's depressing."

"Well, the thing is," Jody said, lowering her voice so as not to be overheard. "In the past, they didn't like to hire people of color, or, uh... colorful people, if you take my meaning..."

"Ahhh." Doc gave a knowing nod. "Gotcha."

"And a few bad 'crackers' can spoil the whole barrel, you know..." Jody observed, glancing over where the hostess was pulling menus out of the holder. "But me, I like to spend my money not only where they don't discriminate, but where they've made changes, because making changes is a lot harder than most of us think."

“Baumgartner, party of three?” the hostess called out. She was young, Carrie judged. Probably younger than Janie, she mused. Not even college-age yet. Blonde and bubbly, cute, hair pulled back into a ponytail that bobbed as she led the way to their table.

Jody slipped away to use the restroom and the hostess left Doc and Carrie with three menus and said their waiter, Zach, would be with them shortly. They sat at a small, round table, tucked away in a corner by the window.

“She’s something,” Doc remarked, glancing up as Jody headed back toward their table.

“I know.” Carrie just smiled.

“I’m afraid I’m going to have to rely on your hospitality.” Jody sighed as she tucked herself into the wooden chair and opened her menu. “Because if I go to the ATM, Jackie’ll find me faster than a hot knife through butter.”

“No worries,” Doc assured her, meeting Carrie’s eyes, smiling at Jody’s southern expression. He liked her, she could tell. And that made Carrie rather deliriously happy. “It’s all on us. Don’t even think about it.”

“Well, I can’t help but think about it.” Jody smiled sweetly at him over her menu. “But I do very much appreciate your generosity. Both of you. I really don’t know what I would have done if you hadn’t come along.”

“But we did.” Carrie touched Jody’s bare knee under the table and their eyes met. Something electric passed between them, a hot, pulsing current.

“You’re safe,” Doc assured her. “And you can stay with us until you figure out what it is you want to do.”

“Goodness, that could be a lifetime.” Jody gave a little laugh.

Carrie squeezed Jody’s knee under the table in silent response.

“Welcome to Cracker Barrel.” The waiter, Zach, who had to be as young as the hostess, Carrie figured, pulled a pad out of his back pocket. He was clean-cut, blonde, and very tanned, his smile so white it was almost blinding. He also had the sweetest, softest southern accent Carrie had heard since she met Jody. “What can I get you folks?”

Doc ordered chicken and dumplings, and his wife ordered the country fresh salad, sans bacon.

“Oh, now I’ve got the devil on one side of me,” Jody said, looking pointedly at Doc. “And an angel on the other.”

“I’m no angel,” Carrie protested, laughing.

“What do you think, Zach?” Jody mused, running a long fingernail down the menu. “Should I be good—or bad?”

“You’re on vacation, right?” Zach asked.

“Well, yes.” Jody blinked at him, looking a little surprised at the idea. “I guess I am.”

“Then I’d say—be bad.”

“Naughty boy.” Jody shook a finger at him and Zach blushed and laughed. “All right, I’ll be good and have the lemon-pepper grilled rainbow trout. But I’ll be bad and order the fried okra and turnip greens. And a nice, big sweet tea.”

“I’ll be right back with your drinks,” Zach said, taking their menus and tucking his pad into his back pocket.

“I’m so hungry,” Carrie said, after Zach had dropped off their drinks and a basket of corn bread. She dove into the bread basket, taking a bite of bread with a soft groan. Her stomach was growling. “We were going to stop for lunch in Atlanta, but then you called...”

“I think I forgot to eat today.” Jody wrinkled her nose, her hand brushing Doc’s as they both reached for bread. Carrie saw their eyes meet and felt that electricity again, except this time, it wasn’t between her and Jody. It thrilled her, but she didn’t say anything. “I’m so hungry I could eat the north end of a south-bound goat.”

“Well, that’s colorful. Never heard that one before.” Doc laughed, half-choking on his lemonade.

“You’re in the south, sugar.”

“Florida’s south,” Doc said. “But I’ve never heard that phrase before.”

“In Florida, you’ve gotta drive north to go south.” Jody winked. “After you pass Tallahassee, you’re heading north again.”

“Speaking of colorful...” Doc buttered his cornbread, taking a bite and talking through a mouthful. “What you said before, about Cracker Barrel?”

“Mm hmm.” Jody sipped her sweet tea.

“You said something about change being hard? It just struck me. You sounded like you were talking from experience?” Doc asked. Carrie froze, her breath caught in her throat. “Like, maybe a friend or someone in your family had gone through some changes, and wasn’t swimming in the mainstream?”

“Yeah, you could say that.” Jody nodded slowly, glancing briefly at Carrie, who tried her best to give her a warning look without Doc knowing. “Someone close to me did go through some major life changes.”

“Really?” Doc leaned his elbows on the table, interested. Carrie searched her brain, looking for something she could say that would change the subject. She didn’t want this coming out, not here, not now.

“But you two must know something about that.” Jody unwrapped a straw, sliding it into her tea and taking a sip. Carrie looked at Doc, trying to figure out if he was reading the subtext, but she couldn’t tell. Under the table, she felt Jody’s knee brush up against hers. “Not swimming in the mainstream, I mean.”

“Doc, I—” Carrie didn’t even know what she was going to follow that up with. She had nothing. But thankfully, their waiter was approaching with their food.

“Oh look, there’s young Zachary with my rainbow trout.” Jody leaned back as the young waiter approached. “How fitting.”

“Yeah, we’re part of the rainbow trout crowd, that’s for sure.” Doc chuckled.

All three dug into the food, and there was little conversation until their stomachs had stopped growling. Jody made Carrie try a bite of fried okra, which was surprisingly good, and another bite of turnip greens, which were godawful. That made Jody chuckle, her eyes bright.

“I don’t know how you do it,” Jody remarked, sitting back and looking between the two of them. “I can’t even seem to get it right with one person, let alone more.”

“You just have to find the right one.” Carrie slid a hand across the table to touch Doc’s. He’d made quick work of his chicken and dumplings and was on his second lemonade. “After that, adding a third is just like icing on the cake.”

“So to speak.” Jody’s eyebrow raised and Doc laughed. She leaned forward, chin in hand, her silver bangles clinking down her wrist. “So how

many lovers have you had in your marriage?”

“We’ve had mostly long-term relationships with people,” Doc explained. “Only a couple one-nighters or short-term situations. It’s not just about the sex.”

“I mean, the sex is good, don’t get me wrong,” Carrie countered. “But that’s not all it is. Hardly ever.”

“Granted, there were a few times we considered it because one of us wanted someone.” Doc smirked at his wife and she flushed, knowing instantly who he was talking about. That had been a mutual desire on their part. A fantasy, really, that had turned into a surreal reality one Christmas in Key West.

“Like Ronnie?” Carrie nudged her husband under the table.

“Come on,” he said with a pained groan. “How long was I supposed to resist the nineteen-year-old babysitter?”

“Well, at least you waited until she was legal.” Jody laughed.

“Barely.” Carrie snorted. “But even then, it wasn’t just about the sex. She was already part of the family, in a way.”

“Gretchen, too,” Doc said.

“That was the other nanny, right?” Jody asked. “The one that moved to New York?”

“I think her biological clock started ticking...” Doc told her.

“Well, that, and I think she just wanted a man of her own.” Carrie looked at her husband, feeling so grateful for him in that moment. He’d chosen her, and he’d never wavered from that, not in their entire marriage. Even when there were three of them, he was always committed to her, always put her first.

“That happens.” Doc shrugged. Then, he grinned. “Dani found two.”

“Dani?” Jody blinked in surprised. “You were with a man?”

“Short for Danielle,” Carrie explained. She had forgotten about Dani. Well, not forgotten, exactly, but she hadn’t come up in the conversations she’d had with Jody over the past few months.

“Ah.” Jody gave a nod. Then her nose wrinkled. “Did you say—two men?”

“Yes. Mason and Nico. Two very strapping young men,” Carrie replied, like it was the most normal thing in the world for a woman to

decide to commit herself to not just one but two gorgeous men. “Living in Venice, last we heard.”

“What about jealousy?” Jody asked, glancing at the way Doc laughed and rolled his eyes at his wife’s choice of words. “Don’t you get jealous?”

“Sometimes.” Carrie shrugged. “In the beginning, I think the jealousy bug bit harder than it does now.”

“I admit,” Doc said, reaching over and putting a hand over his wife’s on the red checked tablecloth. “I don’t like the idea of Carrie being with another man.”

And that was the issue, wasn’t it? Carrie thought, meeting Jody’s knowing eyes. Because, while Jody was a woman—everything about her was feminine, from her voice to her gestures to the softness of her skin—she hadn’t completely transitioned. What in the hell was Doc going to do, when he found out that Carrie wanted to bring another cock into their relationship? Even if it was attached to someone who happened to be, otherwise, all woman...

“And what’s the rule about you being with women?” Jody inquired. “I mean, with women that you’re both sleeping with?”

“It’s not so much about rules. I mean, I guess we have them, but they’re more just... an understanding.” Carrie smiled at her husband, feeling her brand new rock of a wedding ring being pressed by the palm of his hand over hers. “The fact is, I’ve never found a man I want to be with more than Doc. He’s more than enough for me.”

“Well, I can already understand why.” Jody dropped her a little wink. Then she looked at Doc. “But you’ve had sex with these other women, without Carrie? Right?”

“Yeah.” Doc nodded.

“And you’re okay with that?” Jody sounded incredulous.

“Yes,” Carrie agreed.

“Jackie would send me out to cut a switch and tan my hide if he thought I was seeing someone else.” Jody sat back in her chair with a sigh, crossing one leg over the other, revealing more of her tawny thighs. Carrie couldn’t help looking, and, she noticed, neither could Doc.

“It was hard enough to keep you a secret, babygirl,” Jody told her with a little shake of her head.

“That’s the best part of an open relationship, I think,” Doc said, his fingers caressing Carrie’s, softly stroking. “There’s no need to lie. We don’t have to deceive each other or keep things secret.”

Carrie didn’t say a word. She didn’t even look at Jody. She couldn’t.

It was like divine intervention when the waiter came by asking if anyone wanted dessert.

“I’ve got a hankerin’ for a peach cobbler,” Jody told Zach. “And if you’d put a scoop of ice cream on it, well that would just dill my pickle.”

Carrie was used to Jody’s southern-isms, but Doc hadn’t heard them, and he chuckled. Jody was clearly charming him, although she wasn’t sure she was doing it on purpose. Jody was just being Jody.

“Yes, ma’am,” Zach said, writing it down. “Anyone else?”

“Oh, I think we can share,” Doc told him, and the three of them all got the subtext, even if the young waiter was oblivious.

“I’ll bring three spoons, then, ma’am, if that’s all right with you?” he asked Jody.

“I doubt I’ll need a spoon.”

Zach gave her a puzzled look and Carrie laughed.

“Go on, Zach, bring three spoons,” she said.

“Yes, ma’am.” He grabbed their stacked plates and headed to the kitchen.

“You know you’re old when they start calling you ma’am.” Carrie made a face at his back.

“Sometimes it’s good to be called ma’am.” Jody winked at Carrie, watching him walk away. “He’s a cutie—but he’s just a baby.”

“Well, since you girls like him so much,” Doc said, finishing the last of his lemonade. “I’ll be sure to leave him a big tip.”

“Yeah.” Jody met Carrie’s eyes, dead-pan, and said, “That boy deserves a nice... big... tip.”

Carrie nudged her under the table, barely suppressing her laughter.

“I need to visit the little girls’ room.” Jody slung her purse over her shoulder, standing.

“I’ll come with you.” Carrie followed her, glancing back to see Doc watching them both walk away.

There was no one in the bathroom, and the instant the door closed behind them, Jody had Carrie pressed up against it, mouth slanting across

hers. They couldn't keep their hands off each other, now that they didn't have an audience. Carrie's arms went around Jody's neck, tilting her head to the side as Jody's mouth trailed over her cheek and down her throat. Her breath was hot against her ear.

"I want you." Jody's knee slid between her own, making Carrie moan and rock her hips. They were about the same height, but Jody was taller in heels.

"I want you, too," Carrie gasped as Jody's hands moved over her sundress, exploring every soft curve and crevice she could get her hands on. Her whole body felt like it was on fire.

"Oh babygirl, you feel so good." Jody let out a soft moan when Carrie rocked her hips faster, sundress caught between her legs, riding the other woman's thigh.

Jody's hands moved over the front of Carrie's sundress, cupping her breasts through the material. Her nipples were so hard they almost hurt and she shuddered when Jody's fingertips brushed them. She swore she could have come, right then, just from that.

"Oh God, I can feel you," Carrie whispered, the unmistakable press of a hard cock against her belly. "So hard."

"You do that to me." Jody kissed her way down Carrie's throat, heading for her cleavage. "The amount of hormones I'm on, I shouldn't be able to get hard like that. But I can't help it with you."

Carrie moaned when Jody's lips brushed the tops of her breasts, her breath coming in sharp, hot gasps. She couldn't help reaching down to feel Jody's cock—the hot swell of it under her dress was incredible. Jody let out a little moan when Carrie gave it a squeeze.

Suddenly, the door moved, and they both startled, looking at each other with wide eyes. Someone had just tried to open the swinging door, but couldn't, because their weight was against it.

"Hello?" a confused voice called from the other side.

Carrie covered her mouth with her hand, trying not to laugh. Jody did the same, grabbing Carrie's hand and pulling her quickly around the corner, ducking into a stall. Jody locked it behind them and they both stood there, trying not to giggle as the door creaked open.

"Hello?" a voice called out again.

Jody shook her head, pressing a finger to Carrie's lips.

Carrie opened her mouth and took that finger between them, sucking gently. Jody bit her lip, watching as Carrie licked and sucked the tip, just like it was a little cock, while a stranger relieved herself a few stalls down. Jody traced that wet finger over Carrie's lips, then she took her face in her hands, and leaned in to kiss her.

Carrie tilted her head up a little, her tongue finding its way between Jody's soft lips, stroking the roof of the other woman's mouth, feeling her shudder and sigh. Carrie's hands moved over the black velvet of her dress. Her breasts were soft, full, her nipples hardening under her touch.

She wanted Jody so much she was trembling with it. She didn't care if there was someone listening. She didn't care if they were in the bathroom at a Cracker Barrel. Or that Doc was waiting for them to return to the table. She'd wanted her so much, for so long, she could barely contain it.

The woman a few stalls down flushed and went to the sinks to wash her hands. Finally, she was gone, and both women let out a pent-up breath.

"We better go," Jody said reluctantly, kissing Carrie's cheek. "I'm sure our ice cream is melting."

"So am I." Carrie fanned herself with one hand and Jody laughed. "Thank God we rented a room."

"You think Doc's ready for that?" Jody raised her eyebrows.

"No." Carrie shook her head, looking away, at the graffiti on the wall. The word SLUT in capital letters stood out to her. Under that, the word liar. An omen? She shivered. "He'll be fine with me coming to your room. It's okay."

"Is it." Jody tilted her chin up, their eyes meeting. "You're gonna have to tell him eventually."

"I know." She nodded, swallowing. "I hate secrets. I hate lying to him."

It was true, but Jody's eyes said something truer.

Even if Carrie hated lying, she didn't hate it enough to stop.

Not yet.

Chapter Six

“What do you think of her?” Carrie lowered her voice as she sat on the bed next to Doc, looking at their adjoining door. It was closed now—Jody was taking a shower in her room—but unlocked. Very tempting. Her belly fluttered with excitement and anticipation.

“I think she’s delicious,” Doc said, not looking away from the television where two lines of guys wearing shoulder pads were scuffling over a pigskin.

“And?” Carrie prompted, nudging him.

“She’s a character.” Doc turned his full attention to her, which is what she wanted. His hand moved to touch her bare thigh—she had showered too, and was now wearing just a pair of boy shorts and a camisole. “Sweet, funny. Surprising. She was in the army? I never would have guessed.”

“Well, when you grow up in foster care, you don’t come out with a lot of options...” Carrie swung her legs up onto the bed, snuggling up beside him.

“You did just fine,” Doc said, stroking her slightly damp hair. It hung loose over her shoulders like corn silk.

“Thanks to you.” She kissed his bare chest—Doc had showered and changed, too, now wearing just a pair of shorts.

“You were almost through with your bachelor’s degree when I met you, sweetheart,” he reminded her. “I didn’t have anything to do with that. You’re brilliant.”

“So is she.” Carrie sighed.

The Jody she’d known a million years ago had been smart as a whip, even if he hadn’t done well in school. Their teachers all said he was smart, but unmotivated. The reality was that he’d been bored out of his mind. Carrie had always done well in school, mostly because she saw it as the fastest way out of poverty. Jody had other things to worry about, things that Carrie had sensed but not really understood, not back then.

“The guy she was with is bad news.” Doc’s jaw tightened with his word. “I just hope...”

“I know.” Carrie’s fingers played over his chest hair. “I know what you’re thinking.”

“Well, she left him.” He gave a little nod. “That’s a good sign.”

“But it’s no guarantee.” She had a feeling they hadn’t heard the last of Jody’s ex. “I know what you’re worried about.”

“Women who choose guys like him,” Doc went on. “They tend to go back to guys like him.”

“I know.” The thought of Jody going back there, where she’d been so scared and felt so small, made Carrie sick with worry. It wasn’t just the thought of losing her, it was the thought of her being so unhappy that broke her heart.

“We won’t let her.” Doc kissed the top of her head.

“I don’t know if we can stop her.” That was the worst part.

“Well, tell you what,” he said, his arms tightening around her. “Let’s show her what real love is like. Me and you. Lead by example. It’s the best way to show someone what they’re missing.”

“I am a very, very lucky woman.” She smiled, leaning in to kiss him.

“And I’m a lucky man,” he murmured against her lips. She breathed him in, eyes closed, and for a moment, she could picture Jody beside them in the bed, curled up against Doc’s other side, just like she was, and her heart swelled to bursting.

Carrie broke their kiss when she heard the blow dryer next door. Jody was out of the shower.

“Would you mind...?” Carrie let her voice trail off, knowing he would understand what she was asking, even if she didn’t say the words.

“Go.” He grabbed a handful of her ass, squeezing.

“Are you sure?” she asked, even if it was just a formality at this point.

“She’s not ready for us together yet. That much even I can tell.” Doc’s hand caressed her behind, and his touch made her feel soft and warm, like putty in his hands. “But she trusts you. And she wants you. And I think she’s more than a little in love with you.”

She flushed at his words, but they were all true.

“And I can tell the feeling is mutual.” He pressed his forehead to hers, searching her eyes, as if he could see right into her heart. “Why are you fighting it so hard, baby?”

“Why do you know me so well?” she whispered, blinking fast, not wanting him to see too much.

But it was no use. No one knew her like he did.

“Because I love you,” he said simply. He pressed his lips to her forehead, sighing. “Now go. Don’t leave a lady waiting.”

“Thank you, Doc.” She tucked her head under his chin for a moment, listening to the steady beat of his heart. Then she slipped out of bed, heading for the adjoining door.

“I want to hear everything when you get back.”

“You’ll probably hear everything through the wall.” She grinned, knocking on the door, hearing Jody turn off the hair dryer.

“Come on in!” she called.

Carrie knew there was no going back. Not anymore. She opened the door and stepped through, locking it behind her.

* * * *

The minute Carrie closed the door behind her, she felt the energy in the room shift. Jody sat on the edge of her bed, drying her thick, dark hair, wearing only a black tank-tee and a sexy pair of black lace panties. She was freshly showered, no make-up, and Carrie glimpsed, just for a moment, the guy she’d known back when they were in high school.

Jody turned off the hair dryer, setting it aside and holding a hand out to her. Carrie walked over like she was in a dream, sitting beside her on the bed. They embraced, no words, and Carrie felt a lump in her throat, so much emotion rising in her, she couldn’t identify even half her feelings.

“I assume you have his blessing?” Jody’s hand moved in her hair, her cheek brushing Carrie’s as they held onto each other.

“Yes,” she breathed, nodding. “But... Jody...”

“I know.” Her lips brushed Carrie’s temple, breath warm in her ear. “We don’t have to do anything. I could just hold you like this all night long and be perfectly happy.”

“No, I want to...” She swallowed, not quite knowing how to say it. “I just feel funny about making love with you unless he knows. And I still... I just don’t know how to tell him. The longer I wait, the worse it gets.”

“You never were one to rip a Band-Aid off in one go.” Jody chuckled, pushing Carrie down onto the mattress and stretching out beside her.

Carrie rolled toward her, so they were belly to belly, face to face. Jody's fingers traced the line of her shoulder, down her arm, one long fingernail tickling the inside of her elbow, making her shiver. Her nipples got instantly hard and Jody noticed. Her gaze dropped to Carrie's breasts, braless under her cami, her dark nipples showing through the thin material.

"I promise, we'll stop if you feel uncomfortable." Jody pressed her fingertip against Carrie's hard nipples, scratching lightly, making Carrie gasp.

"My God, deja-vu," Carrie murmured, meeting Jody's eyes. "I feel like I'm a virgin all over again."

"I can't take your cherry twice." Jody's full lips spread into a smile, her eyes lighting up at the memory.

"Once was enough." Carrie bit her lip, remembering too, glancing down to see Jody's cock had already sprung free, so hard it was peeking out of the elastic leg of her panties. "That was first cock I ever had inside me..."

"Jesus, feel what you do to me." Jody grabbed her hand, sliding it down so Carrie could feel, and she did, squeezing it, feeling how swollen, how hot it was.

"Oh God, Jody," she whispered, her fingers moving over the engorged head, feeling pre-cum forming at the top. "Fuck... you should feel how wet I am."

"I should. I agree." She smiled sliding a hand down to cup Carrie's mound, making her moan and rock in response.

And that's when the phone rang.

"Goddamnit." Jody glared at it, sitting on the night stand, and sighed.

"Is it him?" Carrie looked back at it too, like a cockroach had just appeared.

Jody reached over her to pick up the phone, tilting it so she could see the display.

"No... not him." She sounded relieved. "Just a friend."

"A friend?" Carrie raised her eyebrows.

"I thought you didn't get jealous?" Jody teased.

"Oh hush." She squeezed Jody's cock, loving the moan that elicited. "Do you need to answer it?"

“Not unless I want to explain where I disappeared to, and why.” Jody wrinkled her nose, putting the phone back on the nightstand. “I’d rather do this.”

“Me too,” Carrie agreed happily, as Jody took advantage of her position, leaning over her, to kiss her.

Her lips were so soft, her tongue sweet, expertly stroking the inside of Carrie’s cheeks, the roof of her mouth, as Jody’s hands pushed up her cami, revealing the rounded globes of her breasts. Carrie did the same, breaking their kiss to pull Jody’s tank off, so they could roll together on the bed, skin to skin, just their bottoms on.

“You’re so beautiful,” Jodie whispered in her ear as Carrie straddled her, feeling the hard press of her erection. “Even more beautiful than I remembered you.”

“So are you.” Carrie leaned in, cupping Jody’s face in her hands, kissing her lips, then trailing her mouth down Jody’s long, slender neck. The last time she’d kissed her here, Jody had been sixteen, and she remembered how her throat had moved when she swallowed, Adam’s apple bobbing, but it wasn’t there anymore.

Carrie traced a finger around one of Jody’s puffy little nipples. Then she cupped one breast in each hand, feeling the weight of them. “Oh God, they’re perfect...”

“The best Jackie’s money could buy.” Jody smirked.

Carrie slipped her mouth over her nipple, sucking gently. Jody let out a little sigh, her eyes closing. Jody’s nipple puckered in her mouth and she ran her tongue around and around. Carrie wiggled and squirmed when Jody’s hands found her breasts too, squeezing and kneading her flesh, tugging gently on her nipples.

“Come here.” Jody reached for her, pulling Carrie to her, cupping her face in her hands and bringing her up for a long, hot, tongue-thrusting kiss that, somehow, she felt deep in her throbbing cunt. “I need to taste you. Please.”

“Yes.” Carrie nodded, but Jody was already rolling her to her back, yanking her boy shorts down and tossing them aside as she settled between her open thighs.

“Oh, what a sweet, wet pussy,” Jody practically purred as she rubbed Carrie’s shaved, swollen lips. “Fuck, you even smell good,

babygirl.”

Carrie flushed, but let Jody part her thighs, spreading them wider, pushing her legs back so she could get a better look. Carrie grabbed her knees, rocking her bottom up, watching Jody’s tongue trace up and down her labia. She was incredibly swollen and still soaking wet, even after her shower. Just being near Jody made her pussy ache, after so many months of being able to look but never reach out and touch her.

“Oh babygirl,” Jody whispered after her tongue slipped between Carrie’s fat pussy lips. “Oh fuck, just tasting you makes me want to come.”

Carrie cupped her own breasts in her hands, putting her feet on Jody’s shoulders and twisting her dark nipples while Jody’s tongue explored the entire length of her slit with both fingers and tongue.

“Oh please,” Carrie whispered, shivering when Jody’s tongue slipped into her pussy, and she started sucking at her juices. “Oh! God!”

Jody’s tongue had slipped even further down, probing the tight rosebud of Carrie’s asshole. It clenched and spasmed at the attention and Carrie moaned, reaching for her knees again, pulling them back, giving her deeper access.

“Ohhhhhh fuck!” Carrie cried, feeling Jody’s finger slide into her pussy, her tongue probing her asshole. “Yes! Finger my cunt!”

Jody moaned at her words, starting to pump her fingers, just one at first, slow, her tongue rimming Carrie’s ass. But then it was two. Then three fingers, pumping in and out of her sopping wet pussy.

“Oh baby, baby, please, please!” Carrie rolled her hips up. “Lick my clit! Fuck! Put your mouth on it!”

“You ready to come for me?” Jody’s fingers twisted inside her, pounding faster, harder. “You want to come all over my face?”

“Fuck, yes!” Carrie grabbed the other woman by the hair, forcing her head down—not that Jody gave much resistance. She rocked up, fucking back against Jody’s hand, fingers buried deep, and shoved her mouth down against her clit. “Ohhhh yeah, lick it! Lick it!”

Jody’s lips fastened over Carrie’s throbbing clit, sucking it into her mouth like a tiny cock. Her fingers twisted again, her thumb pressing, stroking Carrie’s asshole, a hot, steady pressure.

“Ohhhhhh baby!” Carrie gasped, thrusting back, feeling the other woman’s thumb sink into her asshole, fingers plunging in deep, tongue

lashing back and forth now against Carrie's little nub. She was going to come. There was no holding back.

"Ahhhh make me come!" Carrie moaned, giving into it, letting the first wave of her climax overtake her like a hot volcano eruption. She rocked with it, a low, keening wail escaping her throat as Jody swallowed her juices. Jody moaned too, a hot, aching hum against Carrie's quivering clit. "Ohhhh my fucking God!"

"Yes, oh, yes, that's so good, babygirl," Jody breathed against Carrie's still spasming pussy. "Oh you come so good. Mmmm more."

Jody rubbed her face against Carrie's labia, back and forth, like she wanted to devour. Carrie cried out, sliding a hand down over her mound, so sensitive she could barely stand it.

"Wait, wait." She shivered, trying to closer her legs. "Easy. Not yet."

Jody kissed her way over Carrie's trembling fingers, up to her navel, pushing her legs back and she knelt up between her thighs. Carrie's met her eyes, seeing her own juices glistening on Jody's face. Her gaze dropped lower, to Jody's heaving chest, her breasts heavy, nipples pursed and hard. Her belly ring was silver, plain, and it made Carrie's mouth water. She wanted to lick it. Then her attention shifted lower, seeing Jody's cock standing at full attention, rising up from her completely hairless crotch, pointing at Carrie's navel. Jody's panties were still on, they were just pulled aside.

"God, I want you inside me," Carrie whispered, reaching down, grasping onto Jody's thick, veined shaft. She cupped her balls with her other hand. They were tight, drawn up closet to Jody's body, and completely bare, too. "Oh I want you to fuck me."

"Are you sure?" Jody moaned softly when Carrie began to stroke the other woman's cock, nice and slow. "I thought..."

"Oh damnit," Carrie swore, thinking of Doc on the other side of the wall over there. She couldn't, not when he didn't know. And now that Jody was here, and her fat, throbbing cock was in Carrie's eager little hand, she knew she had to tell him. Soon. Because she wasn't going to be able to hold out long. She wasn't even sure she could hold out this time. Her pussy clenched, aching to be filled.

“Come here,” Carrie urged, pulling gently on Jody’s shaft, guiding her slowly up her body. Jody slid up, up, up her body, until her soft, full thighs were parted, straddling Carrie’s ribs. “Can I suck it?”

“You can do anything you want to it.” Jody stroked her cheek with the soft press of her fingertips. “I’ll give you anything, babygirl. I’m all yours.”

Carrie’s lower lip trembled at that and she reached her mouth out for the bobbing cock just inches from her face. Jody gave a soft, feminine cry when Carrie’s lips closed around the head, her tongue making slow circles. Carrie went to work on the cock in her mouth, hand wrapped around the base, as Jody’s hips began to move.

She was the most beautiful sight Carrie had ever seen, her hair falling all around her face, eyes closed, hands cupping her breasts, rolling her nipples. Her hips moved, hipbones jutting out like wings as she thrust her cock deeper into Carrie’s hungry mouth, the ring piercing her navel flashing in the lamplight.

“Your mouth,” Jody whimpered, biting her lip, rocking faster. “Oh your sweet goddamned little mouth. Ahhhhh!”

“Mmmmm!” Carrie hummed around Jody’s pulsing length, tasting pre-cum, peppery and hot. Jody’s hands moved down her own abdomen, hips rolling, taut belly undulating as she rocked faster, faster. Then she reached for Carrie’s breasts, moving with them as they bucked together. Jody’s fingers brushed her hard nipples and she moaned.

“Push them together,” Carrie panted, pulling Jody’s cock from her mouth. She spit on the head for good measure, even though it was still nice and wet with her saliva.

“Ohhhh babygirl, yesss.” Jody knew just what Carrie was thinking, because she filled both hands with Carrie’s flesh, guiding her cock between the soft, rounded globes of her tits.

“That’s it,” Carrie moaned. “Oh God, yes, fuck!”

Jody thrust, panting, hips rocking faster. Every time the tip of her swollen cock appeared at the top of Carrie’s cleavage, Carrie reached her tongue out to taste. God, she wanted to taste her cum. She wanted it all over her, wanted to bathe in it, revel in it. Her pussy was throbbing again, and she knew what she wanted most was to feel Jody inside of her.

Not yet. Not until...

She had to tell Doc. *Had* to. Because she couldn't stop this, whatever this thing was between them. Jody had a part of her, maybe had always had a part of her, since the very first time they were together.

"Let me." Carrie cupped her own breasts, pressing them together around Jody's thick shaft. "Fuck my tits. I want to see you come all over them."

"Fuck, babygirl." Jody pulled her lower lip between her teeth, reaching up to grab the headboard, and began to do just that. Carrie could barely catch her breath, watching the woman poised above her move her slim hips, fucking faster, harder. Carrie spit on the tip again, keeping it moist, keeping her tits pressed together, creating a perfect, fleshy, fuckable crevice.

"Come for me," Carrie whispered, reaching her tongue out to lick the head as it appeared, then disappeared again. "Oh let me taste it. Come all over my face. Come all over my fucking tits. Come for me! Come all over me!"

"Ahhhhhhh God!" Jody moved like a belly-dancer, hips rolling, shimmying, cock pulsing as she thrust toward Carrie's flickering pink tongue. "Ohhhh! Babygirl! Oh! I'm gonna come all over your face!"

With a high-pitched wail, Jody reached a hand down and slid it behind Carrie's head. In one, easy, swift motion, Jody shoved her hips forward, pressing her erupting cock between Carrie's open lips. The first spasm of cum landing on Carrie's tits, but the stream flowed hotly into her mouth. Jody moaned, slapping her cock against Carrie's lips, rubbing the spurting tip over her chin and cheeks.

Carrie licked and sucked as much of it as she could, swallowing the bittersweet taste of it, hungry for more, more. Jody whimpered when Carrie took the slick head between her lips, sucking gently, her fingers caressing the bare skin of Jody's balls, as if she could milk out every last drop.

"Holy fucking hell." Jody climbed off, collapsing on the bed beside her. "That was..."

"Yeah." Carrie smiled, rolling toward her and snuggling close in agreement. "It was."

Jody took a deep breath, letting out a long, slow sigh as she wrapped her arms around Carrie, pulling her as close as possible.

"It was always good, wasn't it?" Jody kissed Carrie's damp forehead. They were both sheened with sweat. So much for the showers they'd taken, Carrie thought. But she smiled at the thought of taking a shower with her new lover, imagined soaping her up, from tits to ass to cock.

"Yes," Carrie nodded, remembering with a smile. She'd given her virginity to him without a second thought. It had felt right then, and it felt right now.

"I don't think I ever stopped loving you." Jody whispered these words against the top of Carrie's head.

"I know." She nodded at that, too. They had fallen back together like two halves of a whole. She couldn't explain it. She didn't even understand it. She had always had part of Jody with her, somehow, even though she hadn't even known what was missing until she showed back up in her life.

"Carrie." Jody swallowed, her hand stroking her hair, soft, easy. "I can't go back."

"I know." Carrie took a deep breath, thinking of Doc. "You won't have to."

"Even if things don't work out, I mean." Jody took a little, shuddering breath. "I can't..."

"Shhh." Carrie lifted her head, pressing her fingers to Jody's soft, trembling lips. "Don't say that. Listen to me. I can't... I won't live without you anymore. No matter what."

"Do you mean that?" Jody whispered, the look in her eyes so pained, full of hope.

"Yes." Carrie felt her eyes fill with tears. "Trust me. Believe me. I love you, and I'm not letting you go. Not ever."

Carrie put her arms around her, feeling Jody squeeze her tightly. They didn't say anything else, and maybe that was good. Carrie closed her eyes and listened to the sound of Jody's heart beating, waited until her breathing was deep and even, before slipping out of her arms.

She pulled the covers over Jody's sleeping form, watching as the dark-haired woman turned on her side, her hand curled up near her face. So beautiful. Carrie brushed her hair away from her cheek, listening to the sound of her breathing, thinking of her promise.

If only she knew what Doc's reaction would be...

She had imagined it going a hundred different ways, but the one she feared most was Doc giving her some sort of ultimatum. It had never happened, in all the years of their marriage. He'd always been open and accepting of her choices in women. They'd always been so simpatico. Why would she think this time was any different?

But it was different. And as much as her heart wanted to deny that, her head knew better.

"Goodnight," Carrie whispered, leaning over and kissing Jody's cheek.

She stirred only a little, smiling in her sleep.

Carrie tried to be as quiet as she could, opening the door that joined their rooms, but Doc was awake. And he'd clearly been listening, or at least thinking about them, because there was lesbian porn on the Pay-Per-View and his cock was hard in his fist. Just the sight of him made her mouth water and her pussy clench, reminding her of exactly what she'd been missing tonight.

"Have fun?" His eyes were bright as Carrie closed the door, locking it behind her.

"Were you listening?" Carrie had left her clothes—panties and cami—in Jodi's room. She leaned against the door, licking her lips and looking at her husband's cock.

"Hell yes." He nodded at the television, where a blonde and a brunette were thoroughly licking each other's pussies. "That's why I have it on mute."

"If you squint, that could almost be me and Jody." Carrie did squint, biting her lower lip.

"That was the idea." Doc chuckled. "Was it as good in person as it was over Skype?"

"Better." Carrie drifted toward the bed, her gaze moving from the girls on the television back to her husband, whose hand was slowly stroking his cock, a nice, teasing motion. "Oh my God, Doc, her mouth. She licked my ass."

"Oh fuck." Doc groaned, grabbing his cock and squeezing it. "Really?"

"She licked—everything." Carrie's hands moved down over her sleek curves, remembering the way Jody's cock had rubbed between her

breasts, the way she had shoved it deep into her throat as she came. But she couldn't tell Doc that.

"Did you come?"

"So hard." Carrie's fingers dipped into her slit, slippery wet still. "I came all over her face."

"That's what I thought I heard." A smile played on his lips as he looked down, watching her play. She parted her labia, showing him. "She licked and sucked my clit. With her fingers buried in my cunt."

Doc moaned, his hand moving a little faster on his cock.

"And her thumb in my ass..."

"Fuckkkk." Doc swallowed, his thighs tensing, pulling the skin taut to the base. Carrie saw his balls were tight. He'd been edging, bringing himself close and backing off again, probably the whole time. He was ready to explode.

"I couldn't stop thinking about having a cock inside me." Carrie put one knee on the bed, fingers sliding down through her wetness, finding her hole and pressing in. She was telling him the truth. That's what she told herself as she climbed onto the bed, crawling toward him. "I kept wishing you were there, with your big, hard cock."

She swung her leg over, straddling him. Doc held his cock still, watching as she rocked her hips, spreading her pussy so her clit rubbed against the head. Moaning, Carrie positioned herself, and Doc helped, guiding his cock to her hole.

"Ohhhhhh baby," she whispered, closing her eyes and sinking down onto his shaft, until he was buried deep inside her.

"Is that what you wanted?" Doc murmured, as his wife began to rock. "A big, hard cock inside you?"

"Yeah," she breathed, not opening her eyes, not willing to chance him seeing it on her face—that she was picturing Jody's cock inside her, hands on her hips, nails digging into her flesh.

She didn't have to fantasize what it would be like to be with Doc and another woman. They'd done that too many times to count. It still made her hot—and him too. It was some deep part of their psyches that she imagined would never fully disappear. It was part of who they were.

But now she was imagining Jody, and what it would be like to have her here. Two cocks to play with—oh the possibilities! One in her mouth

while the other pounded her pussy. Doc fucking her ass while Jody slid into her cunt.

“Look at me.” Doc’s hands moved up Carrie’s waist as she rocked on top of him, lost in her fantasies. “Look at me, baby.”

Carrie opened her eyes, meeting his in the dim lamp light. The television was still on but neither of them were paying any attention to the licking and sucking going on there. They were too busy fucking.

“Are you okay?” Doc pulled her close, wrapping his arms around her shoulders, searching her eyes.

She nodded, not speaking, pressing her lips to his, knowing she couldn’t answer him honestly. Carrie moaned as he rolled her to her back, still inside her. She put her arms around his neck and clung to him, feeling his balls slapping hard against her ass as he fucked her. Doc’s mouth slanted across hers, his tongue probing, making the same hard, thrusting motions as his cock.

Then his head came up and he looked at her, using his arms to prop himself up to look at her. A question passed over his face, confusion, his eyes searching.

“What?” she whispered. She was doing her best to keep quiet. For some reason, she didn’t want Jody to hear them.

“Nothing.” Doc shook his head, leaning in to kiss her again, his tongue licking at her lips, parting them.

Carrie moaned as his hips began to move again, making fast, hot circles, burying his cock deeper every time. She bucked up against him, sucking at his tongue, drawing him into her as much as she could.

“Harder,” she panted. The headboard banged against the wall, and the bed squeaked underneath them, and she knew Jody could probably hear them now, but she was too far gone to think about it. “Oh please! Pound my pussy! Pound my little pussy, Doc!”

He groaned, grabbing her thighs and pressing her back, kneeling up between her legs as he slammed his cock deep into her flesh. She pressed her palms flat against the headboard to keep from knocking into it with every thrust. Doc rutted deep inside her, growling like an animal.

“Fill me,” she begged. She was chasing her climax it hot, little circles with her fingers around her throbbing clit. “Oh fuck! Fuck! I’m going to come! Fill me, baby! Fill me with all that hot fucking cum!”

Doc gave a low grunt and arched, the first wave of his cum spurting deep into her clenching little cunt. Carrie cried out, bucking, thrashing under him with her orgasm. He pinned her to the bed, like his cock was a sword and he'd run her through. She squirmed, but couldn't get away, not from him, not from the delicious, torturous spasm of her pussy, again and again, until she thought it would never end.

"Oh fuck." Doc collapsed beside her on the bed, an arm thrown over his eyes. "You're so fucking hot when you take a new lover. It's like getting to fuck you for the first time all over again."

"Really?" Carrie panted at the ceiling. She hadn't ever thought of it that way.

Doc reached out, his hand brushing hers. He linked their fingers, squeezing gently.

"I love you." He lifted her hand, kissing her fingers.

Carrie smiled through her tears, and for the second time that night, listened to someone she loved fall deeply asleep.

Chapter Seven

“The market’s rebounding,” Elise said as she opened closets and made notes on her yellow legal pad. She took another picture with her phone camera of the living room and kitchen as she walked through. “We’ll have no problem selling this place.”

“You think so?” Carrie asked, surprised. She was in real estate and knew the market was improving back home, too, but she hadn’t anticipated that it would be the same in Florida. People might have a little more spending cash than they did five or ten years ago, but enough to invest in a time share or vacation property?

“Real estate is always in demand down here.” Elise opened the sliding door that led to their private beach and stepped out onto the patio in her high heels. “And you’ve got quite a stretch of premium land here.”

“Yes, we were lucky to get it when we did.” Carrie pulled her cover-up closer around her as she stepped outside. She’d been sunbathing—Jody and Doc had bonded over firearms and had gone to the local hunt club to do some target shooting—when Elise called and asked to come by to take some measurements and get some pictures.

She remembered the first time she’d been to the time share, soon after she’d met Doc. It had been his parents who had bought into it first, along with Brady, who later took Doc under his wing in his family practice. Doc’s parents had given up their part of the time share to their son, finding it too taxing to travel back and forth. They were probably the only two aging people she knew who didn’t want to move to Florida when they retired.

“I wouldn’t be surprised if we sold it while you were here.” Elise squinted up and down the beach as if she were looking for some flaw, but the expression her face told Carrie she wasn’t finding it.

Their little place was heaven on earth.

“We’re only going to be here two weeks!” Carrie exclaimed as Elise walked to the edge of the patio—she didn’t go any further, though. Not in high heels on the sand.

“I know.” The agent raised her phone, turning slowly as she took a panorama of the beach view.

“That soon...” Carrie mused, hugging herself as if she were cold, even though it was at least eighty-five degrees. It had been unusually warm this week so far, which made it perfect sunbathing weather. Her tan lines were already disappearing. She’d been forced to put a bikini on when Elise had called, saying she was going to stop by.

“Trust me, I’ll get phone calls as soon as I list it.” Elise flipped through the photos on her phone, shading the view with her hand from the sun’s glare. “Once these pictures go up, we’re going to get swamped with offers.”

“Well, that’s good.” Carrie looked out at the waves rolling in, worrying her lip. This was what they had come down here for. The agent was enthusiastic, motivated, and seemed to think it wouldn’t take long at all to sell. That was great news. Except it didn’t feel so great. In fact, it left Carrie with a hard knot in the middle of her belly.

“I’ll email you the listing as soon as it’s up,” Elise said, tucking her phone back into her purse. “I think I have everything I need. I’ll call you if I have any more questions.”

“Well, thanks.” She heard a car pull up around front, the dark prow of the Mustang. Doc and Jody were home. Carrie opened the sliding door, stepping back into the cool air conditioning, Elise close behind.

“It’s hotter than forty hells out there.” Jody came in, looking long-legged and gorgeous in a sleeveless, orange paisley print dress, fanning her flushed face with a folded piece of paper. She stopped when she saw Elise, looking surprised. “Well, hello.”

“Elise is the agent Marcy sent over to do the listing,” Carrie explained as Doc came in, closing the front door behind him.

“Oh, great to meet you.” Doc came forward, holding out his hand to shake the agent’s.

“I think you’re going to be very happy with the results we get, Mr. Baumgartner.” Elise looked him up and down appreciatively, beaming. Carrie had noticed the woman didn’t wear a wedding ring. “I expect a lot of traffic through here once I get the listing up.”

“Great!” Doc smiled and Carrie noticed the way the agent glanced over at Jody, trying to put the pieces of the puzzle together. She could almost hear Elise thinking, *There’s no way I’d let my husband traipse around with a woman who looked like that!*

“Nice to meet you, Elise.” Jody held out her hand, smiling at the woman’s strange look. Jody looked like she was enjoying the other woman’s confusion.

“You, too.” Elise glanced at Doc, then at Carrie, clearly hoping to find a clue.

“This is Jody—our cousin.” That’s what Carrie went with, seeing Elise relax a little. “She needed a little vacation, so we invited her down for our last visit.”

“Ohhhh, I see.” That seemed to satisfy Elise’s curiosity anyway, although Carrie’s explanation had amused Jody, if the smirk on her face was any indication. “Well it certainly is a great place to vacation.”

“I’m going to miss it.” Carrie sighed, glancing out the sliding door into the sunshine.

“If it were mine, I’d live here all the time.” Jody took a seat on the sofa, crossing one knee over the other. Her skirt came to just above, but rode up slightly when she sat, revealing her long legs. Elise noticed, frowning. Jody just smiled. “I mean, why leave paradise?”

“If I had a job down here, I just might consider it.” Doc half-sat on the arm of the chair. Carrie looked at him, surprised. They loved coming down here for vacations, it was true, but she’d never heard him say he wanted to set up shop or anything.

“I’m sure there’s someone out there who will just love this place,” Elise countered, clearly trying to steer the conversation back towards a decision that would net her a hefty commission. “I think you’re doing the right thing. Trust me, this is a great place to vacation—but you don’t want to live here.”

“Why not?” Carrie asked.

“Well, for one thing, the mosquito’s the state bird.” Elise winked, giving a little, tinkling, fake laugh. “And the weather’s gorgeous like this in September, but you don’t want to be here in the summer. The air conditioning bills alone!”

“They’re bad enough when we’re here in the winter,” Carrie agreed.

“Don’t forget the hurricanes,” Doc added.

“Plus, there’s the freak factor.” Elise sighed, giving a small shake of her head, her lips pursing. “*Especially* here in Key West.”

“The freak factor?” Carrie felt the hackles on the back of her neck stand up. She had a feeling she knew where this was heading and didn’t like it.

“It’s not quite as bad where I live, out in Key Largo.” Elise spoke conspiratorially. “We’ve got a lovely little beach house there. But the further south you get, the more they let the freak flag fly.”

“Is that so?” Jody twirled a lock of dark hair around her finger.

“Duval Street is just the worst.” Elise gave a delicate shudder. “I wouldn’t go down there at night, not even if you paid me.”

“Because it’s dangerous?” Doc raised his eyebrows.

“No, disgusting.” Elise looked to Jody, who was the only one who hadn’t expressed judgement at her opinion. It was clear both Doc and Carrie weren’t happy with the direction of the conversation, but Jody had remained neutral, so clearly Elise thought she might have an ally there. *Little does she know*, Carrie thought, looking between them.

“The gay men are bad enough—they roller blade around town in, well, let’s say, beach attire.” Elise put her hands out in a warding-off gesture.

“You mean...” Jody leaned in, lowering her voice like she was whispering a secret. “Suits so tight you can see their religion?”

“Exactly!” Elise gave that fake laugh again. “Oh, and then there are the men who think they want to be women.”

“You don’t say?” Jody’s plucked, delicately arched eyebrow went up.

“The...” She leaned in closer, as if whispering it might keep her from being dirtied by even saying it out loud. “*Transsexuals*.”

“On Duval Street?” Doc waved his hand, shaking his head. “You know, a lot of them are just cross-dressers or drag queens.”

“Is there a difference?” Elise made a face.

“A big one, actually,” Carrie countered, giving Jody a knowing look. Jody just pressed her lips together, trying not to smile.

“They’re quite aggressive.” Elise straightened, holding her legal pad close to her chest. “I’m sure it was different when you first bought here. You had small kids then, didn’t you?”

“Yes.” Carrie nodded, remembering the hours the kids had spent making castles in the sand out there. “They’re all grown now.”

“Well, let’s just say, Las Vegas is more family-friendly these days than Key West.”

“But it sounds like it’s a perfect place to let your freak-flag fly.” Jody smiled sweetly when Elise blinked in her direction. *So much for having an ally*, Carrie thought, hiding her own smile.

Elise’s spine straightened, her lips barely moving when she said, “I don’t have a freak flag.”

“I bet you do,” Carrie countered, unable to hide her smile anymore. “You just haven’t found it yet.”

“Well, I’ve got to get going.” Elise took a step back toward the foyer. “I’ll email you when the listing is up.”

“Goodbye, Elise.” Doc stood, taking a few, long strides to the door and opening it for her. She edged her way by him, and Carrie covered her mouth with her hand when her husband couldn’t resist and said, as the agent went out the door, “Unfurl that freak flag, lady. Life’s too short to care what everyone else thinks.”

“That poor woman.” Jody laughed as soon as the door closed behind her.

“Some people.” Doc pointed a finger-gun at the door, aimed, and fake-fired. “Can’t live with ‘em, can’t shoot ‘em.”

“This is Florida—it’s a stand-your-ground state,” Jody reminded him. “Hey, Carrie, did you know your husband can burn money faster than any man I know?”

“I know.” She laughed, walking over to Doc and kissing him on the cheek. “What did he buy now?”

“Oh, we just spent an hour at the range,” Jody reminded her. “And ammo isn’t cheap.”

“This girl can shoot!” Doc exclaimed, grinning like a fool.

“You’re not so bad yourself, Doc.” Jody dropped him a wink.

“I’m learning.” He slipped an arm around his wife’s shoulders. “Jody’s a great teacher.”

“Some things you just don’t forget,” Jody replied. “Besides, a girl’s gotta know how to take care of herself.”

“Did you know she was packing heat?” Doc asked, looking at Carrie.

“Oh, yes.” Carrie nodded, trying not to smirk when she met the other woman’s eyes. “She showed me her gun.”

“You should come with us, hon.” Doc was being completely earnest. “She can show you how to handle it.”

“Maybe later.” Carrie pressed her lips together to keep from laughing out loud and dropped her gaze to the coffee table. If she looked at Jody, she knew she was going to crack up.

“I think I must be related to Doc Holliday,” her husband mused.

Jody chuckled. “I don’t think the name thing works that way.”

“I’m serious. I have a new hobby,” Doc insisted. “What did you call it, Jody? Gunpowder golf?”

“We used to call it burnin’ lead,” Jody said, smiling. “Or killin’ cardboard.”

“Burning money is more like it,” Carrie said, returning to the first reference. “A yearly membership to the Hunt Club, and we’re only here a few weeks a year?”

“Well, I’m going upstairs to change into a suit.” Jody stood, changing the subject. “And then I’m hitting that gorgeous beach. You coming?”

“I’m ready.” Carrie smiled, parting her cover-up to reveal her white bikini underneath.

“It’s a private beach, you know.” Doc looked down at his wife’s cleavage, then at Jody as she headed toward the stairs. “Suits are optional.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” Jody winked at him over her shoulder as she headed up the stairs.

“Gotta let that freak flag fly some time,” Doc called.

Carrie heard Jody’s soft laugh. “Well, you two are really hitting it off.”

“I enjoy spending time with her,” he said, sounding surprised. “She’s... different.”

You have no idea, Carrie thought, feeling his arm tighten around her shoulder.

“I’m really going to miss this place.” She sighed, looking around the living room. She could almost see her young children, like ghosts, watching TV or playing the X-Box, lolling around on the floor.

“Me, too.” Doc kissed the top of her head.

She sighed again, putting her arms around his waist. "Everywhere I look is a memory."

"That's okay." He lowered his mouth to her ear, his breath warm as he whispered, "We're going to make more before we go."

"I hope so."

"Oh, hey, speaking of, I stopped on the way home and bought some wine." Doc let her go, heading toward the front door. "It's in the car."

"You planning on getting me drunk?" she called.

"That's the plan." He wagged his eyebrows, then glanced at the stairs. "Maybe if we get her drunk enough..."

Carrie laughed. "I don't think that's what it's gonna take."

"We'll see." Doc pulled open the door. "Goddamn, she wasn't kidding. It's like an oven out there."

"Go put a suit on and come swimming with us," Jody said, coming down the stairs.

Carrie had seen Jody without her clothes on, but the sight of her in a bikini still made her do a double-take. Doc blinked, his jaw dropping. The little red bikini she wore didn't cover much, three little triangles and a bit of string, really. And Carrie couldn't help staring at the bottom bit of material, because there was nothing there, not even a wrinkle, that would reveal Jody's secret.

"You're letting all the heat in, Doc." Jody nodded toward the open door.

"Too late." He cleared his throat, then grinned. "Or maybe it's just me. That's what happens when a very pretty woman teaches me how to use big guns."

Carrie laughed as Doc headed out.

"Jody!" Carrie turned to her as soon as the front door closed. "How in the heck?"

"All tucked away." She winked, seeing where Carrie's gaze had fallen. "Come on, let's go soak up some sun."

"Hey, I'm sorry about Elise," Carrie said as she shook sand off the blanket and laid it out again in the sand. "I forget, sometimes, how people are."

"Oh, I'm used to it." Jody came to sit beside her on the blanket, looking out at the water. "I lived in stealth mode for a lot of my life, until I

met Jackie.”

“Well, if you believe the beastly Miss Elise,” Carrie said, wrinkling her nose. “Key West is the place to come if you don’t want to have to hide.”

“Oh, I’ve still got plenty to hide.” Jody glanced down at her bikini bottoms and smiled.

“No one down here minds—except people like Elise.” Carrie was trying not to stare, but she was dying to know just how Jody had managed to pack that basket away, exactly. “And who cares what she thinks?”

“I’ve been very lucky in my transition, thanks to Jackie.”

Carrie didn’t like to hear her talking about the man that way, given how Jackie had treated her. But maybe there was more to their relationship than what appeared on the surface. She knew that was often the case, with any relationship. Even her own.

“I went to the best doctors. My hormones are perfectly balanced.” Jody tapped the skin-colored patch on her shoulder.

“You told Doc that was a nicotine patch!” Carrie gasped.

“I also told him this was ‘tanning cream’.” Jody picked up an unlabeled bottle of white lotion. “It’s progesterone.”

“You’re pretty good at hiding, aren’t you?” Carrie glanced around, like Doc could overhear them. She was sure he was back inside, enjoying the air conditioning, probably uncorking the wine.

“Had to be.” Jody shrugged, spreading the cream over her long, tawny arms, smoothing it over her shoulders. “But... I’m tired of hiding. I feel... balanced. I’ve attained some kind of equilibrium, and it feels good. I’m happy here.”

“Well, that should tell you something.”

“It would be fine, if Jackie didn’t want more.” Jody tossed the bottle aside, leaning back on the blanket and closing her eyes.

Jackie again. The more Jody talked about him, the less Carrie liked the man. “You feel you owe him?”

“I do owe him.”

“You don’t ever owe someone you love—who loves you.” Carrie reached out to touch Jody’s hand. “It’s not a bargain—it’s a relationship.”

“I’m no bargain.” Jody cocked one eye open, smirking. “I’ve been a damned expensive venture for him.”

“Jody, stop.”

“You know, ever since I was a kid, I knew I was different.” Jody kept her eyes closed as she talked, and Carrie took the time to just look at her, to admire the soft curves and slopes of her body. She didn’t know how many surgeries she’d undergone, but Jody had hinted that it had been a lot of them. Her doctors had done an amazing job.

“When I was with you, I knew, even then,” Jody went on. “Sometimes I thought I was attracted to women because they had everything I wanted. They were already everything I wanted to be.”

“Really?” Carrie frowned, considering this.

“But it isn’t that simple.” Jody cracked one eye, peeking out, smiling a little. “I really am attracted to women, even though I identify as one. So what does that make me? A man who wants to be a lesbian?”

“You’re attracted to men, too, though,” Carrie said. “I mean, you were living with one.”

“Yeah.” Jody shrugged a shoulder. “My sexuality is pretty fluid.”

“So is mine,” Carrie confessed. “I mean, in who I’m attracted to. I’ve been attracted to men, to women... to you.”

“Me.” Jody smiled, but Carrie saw the sadness in it. “The weirdo.”

“You’re just you.” She leaned over, brushing Jody’s hair away from her cheek and whispering into her ear, “I fall in love with a person, not a gender.”

“You’re sweet.” Jody turned her face and kissed Carrie’s cheek, gaze sweeping over Carrie in her two-piece suit, then she sighed. “I laugh every time I run across an article in Cosmo or some new internet meme about unattainable beauty standards for women. Women have no idea.”

Carrie gaped at her. “You’re one of the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

“I’ve always had passing privilege,” Jody said. “Even before I started to transition.”

“Passing privilege?”

“I’ve always been able to dress up as a woman, and pass as one,” she explained. “I guess I can thank my crack addicted mother for something. Delicate features, small hands and feet. I hated it when I had to requisition men’s size-eight army boots. They laughed at me. But it comes in handy now.”

“I still can’t believe you went into the army.”

“It wasn’t all bad. Kept me out of trouble. Plus, I was surprisingly good at it.” Jody shrugged. “Still, I spent a lot of my twenties trying to run away from who I really am.”

“But you’re not running anymore.”

“No, I’m settled. Now I know.” Jody rolled to her side, up on her elbow, meeting Carrie’s gaze. “But the problem is, I’m supposed to pick a side.”

“Because of Jackie?”

“Well, there’s him.” Jody sighed. “But it’s more than that. The world wants you to choose, so you can check this box, or that box. And like I said, I’ve been lucky. I’ve always had passing privilege when I wanted it. I can walk into a women’s bathroom and no one says boo. My name was androgynous enough I didn’t have to worry about changing it. There are lots of other T’s out there who aren’t so lucky.”

Carrie reached out, taking Jody’s hand. The other woman rubbed her fingers over Carrie’s knuckles, looking at her new rock of a wedding ring.

“Did you know that, if I had changed my name, the U.S. government would no longer provide me with V.A. benefits?” she asked.

“What?” Carrie’s jaw dropped.

“It’s true.” The smile that touched Jody’s lips was small and bitter. “My friend, Megan, can no longer collect the benefits she earned serving this country because she’s transitioned and the U.S. government no longer recognizes her.”

“That’s awful,” Carrie murmured, appalled at the very idea.

“Jackie kept pressuring me, wanting me to get cut. But it isn’t just him, you know?” Jody brought Carrie’s hand closer, kissing her palm. “The rest of the world wants me to choose. We can’t have people like Elise feeling uncomfortable. So now doctors provide treatment for people like me, but it’s not for my benefit—they do it because they want to make me fit in.”

Carrie turned her palm to Jody’s cheek, stroking gently, her gaze sweeping over her lover, the rounded curves of her breasts, her flat belly, the dream catcher navel ring dangling, down to the little red triangle of material between her legs. Knowing what Jody was hiding—not knowing how—piqued both her curiosity and her arousal.

“I think you fit in just fine,” Carrie said, voice low, throaty, as her hand trailed down past Jody’s navel, heading for that red triangle.

“Don’t tempt me.” Jody stopped her progress with a laugh, pushing her away.

“No?” Carrie reached behind her own neck, untying her bikini top and letting it fall.

“Damn, babygirl.” Jody swallowed, watching Carrie remove her top completely and then pop the pink top of the baby oil off to squirt some of the liquid into her hand. “No fair making me hard when I’m wearing this.”

“Where did it go?” Carrie tilted her head, hands moving in fat, slippery circles over her breasts, shivering at how her nipples hardened. “You’re wearing some sort of binder?”

“Little bit of Lycra and some tape.” Jody’s gaze followed Carrie’s hands and they moved down her brown belly. “Easy peasy.”

“A shame though.” Carrie frowned. “Does it hurt?”

“No.” Jody shifted on the blanket. “Not unless I get aroused.”

“Uh-oh.” Carrie grinned, sliding her oiled up hand down under her white bikini bottoms, shivering at how swollen her pussy lips were already. “Am I turning you on?”

“You are, babygirl.” She sighed, rubbing a hand over her own bikini bottoms.

“Want me to do you?” Carrie offered, scooting over beside Jody and rubbing her oily hands over her belly.

“Oh, that’s not what I thought you meant.” Jody grinned, watching Carrie spread the oil.

“Should at least take this off.” Carrie reached back and untied Jody’s bikini top. “Get rid of those tan lines.”

“Oh God.” Jody moaned softly as Carrie put more oil in her hands, moving them over Jody’s breasts, around her dark, puffy nipples.

“Feel good?”

“I think it just got ten degrees hotter out here,” she murmured, leaning back to let Carrie work the oil into her skin. She was so soft and smooth, it was amazing. Carrie waxed, but Jody had extolled the amazing benefits of electrolysis. It was a magical procedure, she said. Time-consuming, granted. It could take years. But the result was completely smooth skin and the hairs that did grow back were light and soft.

“You two are being naughty without me.” Doc’s voice floated down to them from above.

Carrie felt Jody’s body tense, just slightly. She glanced up, seeing her husband standing on the balcony, looking down and watching them. How long had he been there? She wondered.

“Come on down, Doc,” she called up, smiling. She didn’t know what, if anything, he’d overheard, but she decided that it didn’t matter.

It was time to tell him the truth. The woman writhing under the touch of her oily hands wasn’t a man, not anymore, even if she still had some remnants of a man’s biological makeup. Jody was a woman, and Doc had never expressed a concern about Carrie’s love for other women.

Besides, after what he’d said to Elise, she couldn’t believe, even if there was an initial period of shock, that he wouldn’t accept Jody as their lover—just like every other woman she’d ever brought into their bedroom.

“Think I’m gonna take a cold shower,” Doc called. “You girls have fun.”

“We’re going to swim,” Carrie said. “Then we’ll be up.”

“Okay.” Doc’s hand moved down to the crotch of his shorts, adjusting, and Carrie smiled. “Hurry. I want to take my girls out to dinner.”

* * * *

Doc was still in the shower by the time they came in from swimming. Carrie heard the shower running as they went up the stairs, both of them shivering in the air conditioning, in spite of the towels they had wrapped around themselves.

“We should go join him.” Carrie gave Jody a sidelong look, biting her lip. They were both still topless, although they had bottoms on. “What do you think?”

“Is that really how you want to ‘tell’ him?” Jody’s eyebrows went up.

“It’s the best way.” She took Jody’s hand as they neared the bathroom door. “I keep trying and trying to find the words to tell him, and I finally realized—we need to just show him.”

“You’re sure?” Jody hesitated as Carrie pushed the bathroom door open, steam rolling out along the ceiling. “I can see this not ending well...”

“This is Doc we’re talking about.” Carrie shook her head, determined. “I know him better than I know myself.”

“If you’re sure.” Jody’s hand tightened in hers. “I trust you.”

“I love you,” Carrie whispered, leaning over and kissing her cheek before leading her into the bathroom.

Carrie opened the glass shower door, more steam billowing out as she peered inside. Doc stood under the spray, palm up, flat against the wall, cock in his other hand. He twisted and tugged, water dripping down his tanned back. His ass clenched and released with every stroke. She could hear his hot, panting breath as he growled something intelligible against the tile.

“This is how I met Doc,” Carrie murmured to her lover over her shoulder. “I met him while he was jacking off in the shower. I haven’t been able to keep my hands off him since.”

“I can’t blame you.” Jody’s gaze swept over Doc’s body, a light in her eyes.

“Hey.” Doc glanced over at them standing at the now open shower door, but he didn’t stop what he was doing. “You two come to help?”

“I brought someone to give you a hand,” Carrie said, dropping her towel, standing there topless in just her bikini bottoms. She turned, tugging at Jody’s towel, and hers dropped to the floor too. “You ready for that?”

“Are you?” Doc asked, his gaze moving over them both as they stepped into the shower together, closing the door behind them.

Carrie didn’t say anything. She just went to her knees on the tile and Jody knelt beside her, both of them turning their faces up into the hot, needling spray. Then Doc stepped into the stream, cock in hand. He fed it first to his wife, giving a low, almost pained groan as she took it between her lips. Jody’s big, brown eyes moved from Doc’s face down to his cock and back again. Carrie could see the desire there and it made her pussy throb ache.

“I think you should share with your girlfriend.” Doc slowly withdrew from Carrie’s hungry mouth, feeding his cock to Jody. Her lips expertly circled the head, her tongue making a pass around the tip before she started to swallow it. Doc moaned, hand moving to her dark, wet hair, guiding her slowly on his cock, a steady, controlled motion, in and out.

“Fuck, her mouth is so sweet,” Doc murmured, looking at his wife. Then his attention shifted back to Jody, his hips moving now as he started to

pump deeper into her throat. “Oh sweetheart, you’re so fucking good at that...”

His praise made Jody moan around his shaft, her hand wrapped around the base. Carrie couldn’t help touching her. She leaned in, kissing Jody’s cheek, feeling Doc’s cock pressing it outward. She moved to cup Jody’s breast, heavy and still oily in her hand. Jody moaned again around Doc’s thrusting shaft when Carrie’s fingertips brushed her hard nipples.

“So beautiful,” Doc murmured, looking down at both of them, his eyes half-closed. He reached one long arm down so he could cup Jody’s other breast, tweaking her nipple. The woman hummed happily with his cock in her mouth at the attention.

“Kiss her,” he told his wife, sliding his cock out of Jody’s mouth. Jody’s tongue followed him, but Carrie captured it, turning her lover’s face to hers. They knelt together on the tile, breasts rubbing just like their mouths, slippery wet, nipples kissing. Jody’s hand slipped down between Carrie’s thighs, rocking over her mound through her bikini bottoms.

“Finger me,” Carrie whispered into Jody’s mouth.

Jody slipped her hand past the elastic, fingers probing between Carrie’s swollen pussy lips. Carrie moaned and rocked, her hand moving too, just pure instinct, reaching between Jody’s thighs. She felt Jody’s hips move back, just slightly, a non-verbal warning, and Carrie remembered—Doc didn’t know. Not yet.

She broke their kiss, looking up at her husband, seeing the lust in his eyes. He’d been waiting so patiently for her to be ready, for Jody to be ready, and now it was time.

“Go ahead, baby.” Doc’s hand moved over Carrie’s wet head, tilting her chin up further, so there was no doubt he was looking at her, and she saw something there she didn’t expect—a sort of hot, confident knowing.

He knows.

She didn’t know how, but she was sure she was right.

He knows.

“Take out Jody’s cock for me.” Doc confirmed her suspicions, his passionate gaze shifting to the stunned, beautiful woman wearing just a pair of straining, red bikini bottoms who knelt at his feet. “I want to watch you suck it.”

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Chapter Eight

Carrie wanted to ask Doc how he knew—how long he'd known—but none of them wanted to stop to have that conversation. Carrie had been determined to show him, rather than tell him, and that's just what they were doing. Doc pulled Jody to standing, while Carrie knelt and slid her red bikini bottoms down her slim, smooth thighs. She glanced up, seeing her husband kissing Jody, his hands moving over the other woman's full breasts, making her moan against his lips.

Between the oil, the water, and the blood now stiffening Jody's cock, it had come free of the tape that had been tucking it back. Carrie crumpled up the tape and tossed it to the tile as she tugged and stroked, her tongue slipping down to lick Jody's scrotum, feeling the little raw spot where the tape had been stuck. She kissed it, nibbling sack between her lips, so smooth against her tongue.

"Suck it," Doc urged, kneading Jody's flesh in his hand, thumbing her nipple. "Suck her cock."

Carrie moaned and put her mouth over the head, hearing Jody cry out at the sensation, her head dropping to Doc's shoulder. He held onto her, tight, when her knees wanted to give way. He didn't take his eyes off Carrie, working Jody's thick, veined shaft between her lips.

"That's so fucking hot," Doc murmured, grabbing a handful of Carrie's hair, pressing Jody deeper into her throat. "You're both so beautiful."

Jody's hand had strayed down to Doc's length, her fingers playing over the tip before she took it into her fist. Doc gave a little groan, shifting his hips so Jody could stroke him in the same rhythm. Carrie watched her husband's cock jerk in Jody's hand, saw the head swelling, felt Jody's cock getting bigger in her own mouth.

Having two cocks at her disposal was just too much. She wanted them both and she opened her eager, greedy mouth, putting her hand over Jody's and guiding the head of her husband's cock to her mouth. She couldn't swallow them both, but she tried. Her lips slipped off one head, then the other, her tongue probing Jody's cock slit, then Doc's, tasting the difference in their pre-cum.

“Hungry little cockwhore,” Doc said, smiling down at his wife as she swallowed his length, and then swallowed Jody’s, one after the other, taking turns with her mouth and hand. He turned Jody’s face to him, kissing her deeply. Carrie saw their tongue twining, felt Jody’s cock growing even bigger in her hand. Doc said to Jody, “She’s only got one mouth, but we can both be inside her.”

Jody gave a little whimper, clinging to him. Doc smiled, reaching down and grabbing her behind the knees, leaning her back against him and lifting her easily, parting her legs, holding them open. Carrie groaned, looking at Jody spread wide, their cocks bobbing, Jody’s on top, Doc’s underneath. She had a vision of sliding Doc’s cock into Jody’s ass and nearly came just thinking about it. Her pussy ached.

“Suck her,” Doc said again, moving his hips, forcing Jody’s forward. Carrie knelt up and took Jody into her mouth, sucking greedily, her eyes turned up to watch Jody’s face. Her head went back against Doc’s shoulder and she moaned, bucking her hips. Doc’s stiff length rode the seam of her ass, the tip nudging her balls toward Carrie’s hungry mouth. Carrie pressed her fingers against the head of her husband’s cock, pushing it against the tight hole of Jody’s ass.

“Oh God!” Jody moaned, her head going back and forth, eyes closed. “No, wait, wait...”

“Okay.” Doc kissed her cheek, his lips trailing to her ear. “Easy, it’s okay. We won’t do anything you don’t want to do.”

“Put me down,” Jody urged. Doc let her slid out of his arms. Once her feet were on the tile, she turned to kiss him, long and lingering, before she dropped to her knees beside Carrie.

Doc watched the two women kiss, groaning when they shifted their mouths over the head of his cock. Carrie’s tongue played with Jody’s, tasting her husband’s pre-cum. They both had their hands wrapped around his length, working it together, up and down.

“Come here.” Doc pulled his wife up to kiss her mouth, rubbing her body against his.

Carrie felt Jody’s hands working her bikini bottoms down—she’d almost forgotten she was still wearing them—and she cried out when Jody’s mouth closed over her cleft, sucking and licking at her clit. Jody’s hand

continued to work Doc, up and down his shaft, her bracelets jangling with the motion.

Jody moved her mouth from Carrie's pussy to the cock in her hand, sucking and licking the head while her fingers played in Carrie's cunt. She rocked her hips as Jody fucked her faster, aching to feel something plunging inside, deeper, harder, more. Jody seemed to sense this, tugging Doc closer, aiming him at Carrie's waiting cunt.

"Oh God." Carrie moaned as Doc lifted her leg so he could slide inside her. "Oh Doc!"

He grunted and thrust, moaning as he began to fuck her. Jody's hands wandered everywhere, tugging Doc's swinging ball sack, pressing softly, gently, against Carrie's tight asshole. And her tongue felt like it was everywhere at once too, licking and lapping as they fucked. Doc grabbed his wife's other thigh, pulling her up, wrapping her legs around him as he bucked up inside her.

"Lick her asshole," Doc instructed and Carrie cried out when he spread his wife's cheeks for Jody's flickering tongue.

"Oh, God, Jodeeeee!" Carrie cried, the other woman's face buried her in her ass, while Doc pounded her pussy with his cock. "Oh fuck, I'm gonna come! Doc! Jody! Oh!"

Her pussy began to clench, closing around his stiff length, her quivering asshole squeezing the tip of Jody's tongue. Waves of hot pleasure rushed over her as she climaxed, the heat of the water rising around her, making her feel weak and malleable. She couldn't even hold onto Doc as he let her go.

She gasped, still quivering, sinking to her knees on the tile beside Jody, who gathered her close and kissed her mouth, whispering sweetness against her lips. Carrie opened her eyes to see Jody's hand still clasped over Doc's shaft, jerking him fast and hard. She saw the way her husband's mouth drew in, the pained look on his face, and knew Jody had almost taken him there.

"Wanna taste his cum?" Carrie whispered, closing her hand around Jody's, hearing Doc give a strangled moan, knowing he was close.

Jody nodded, sticking her tongue out as Carrie tugged her husband off against it.

“Fuck!” Doc cried, arching, his back against the tile, hips thrust forward and he started to climax. “Oh fuck, I’m coming!”

Jody curled her tongue around the spurting head of his cock and Carrie watched her husband fill her lover’s mouth, waves of hot, white cum. She couldn’t stand it. She had to taste. Carrie didn’t stop jerking him, but she put her mouth to Jody’s, sucking on her tongue, swallowing the taste of her husband’s cum. Jody moaned into her mouth, wrapping an arm around her waist, their breasts mashing together as they kissed. Doc wasn’t done coming, and he bucked his hips as Carrie yanked his cock, splashing their faces with more cum.

“Your turn...” Carrie whispered, reaching for Jody’s cock, but she shrank away, smiling, shaking her head.

“Let’s get out and dry off.” Jody kissed her, and they both rose from their knees and Doc pulled them both into his arms, kissing first one, then the other.

Carrie soaped Jody up, hair and all, and Jody did the same for her. Doc watched this display, his cock growing hard again while both women washed it. Then they rinsed off, getting out of the shower and drying each other with big, fluffy white towels.

“Hard again?” Jody remarked with a little smile as they climbed into bed, Doc stretched out on his back, his cock rising up toward the ceiling.

“You have no idea.” Carrie grinned, reaching for Jody’s cock, which was still more than half-hard. She hadn’t come yet. “You’re not the only one with surprises, lover.”

“I have no doubt, babygirl,” Jody murmured as Carrie leaned in to kiss her, hand moving slowly up and down Jody’s shaft. Jody was between them on the bed as Carrie slid down to take her cock into her mouth.

“She’s such a good little cockwhore,” Doc murmured about his wife, his hands moving over Jody’s breasts, tweaking her nipples, making her moan. “Even I can’t keep up with her.”

“From the looks of it...” Jody glanced down at his cock, smiling. “You give her a run for her money.”

“I try.” Doc’s mouth closed over Jody’s nipple, sucking it gently. She cried out, her hand moving in his hair drawing him closer.

“Can I fuck your wife?” Jody asked when he lifted his head to look at her. Carrie’s pussy spasmed at the thought, and knew this was the true

test. Would Doc let Jody fuck her?

“Do you want her to fuck you?” Doc’s hand moved through Carrie’s hair, his gaze falling on Jody’s cock, inches from his wife’s face. “Do you want that big, gorgeous cock inside you?”

Carrie moaned, nodding, biting her lip as she met her husband’s eyes.

Doc turned his attention back to Jody, turning her chin toward him and leaning in to kiss her. Then he whispered against her lips, “I want to watch you fuck my wife.”

Carrie climbed up, kissing her husband first, a sweet thank you, and then straddled Jody. Her cock pressed up against Carrie’s aching slit, and she had a memory of the first time they’d done this—the first time she’d ever had a man inside of her. Jody had been different then, but somehow the same. The hands on her hips, the eyes locked with hers, were the same. And the cock, thick and hard, aimed between her legs, was no different either.

“Put her in me, Doc.” Carrie whispered, glancing at her husband, reaching out and twining her fingers with Jody’s. “Put her cock inside me.”

Doc’s gaze moved to Jody’s face, then his wife’s. His hand moved between the women’s thighs, and Jody hissed, shifting her hips when Doc wrapped his hand around Jody’s shaft, guiding the tip toward his wife’s wet cunt.

“Oh God,” Carrie cried, feeling Jody fill her. It was like the first time all over again, but unlike anything she’d ever experienced, too. The woman underneath her bucked up, forcing her cock deep, moaning, her fingers claspng Carrie’s tight. They stayed that way for a moment, palm to palm, then Carrie leaned in to press their lips together too.

“So good,” Carrie whispered against Jody’s little mouth, feeling the pulse between their thighs.

“Oh babygirl,” Jody whispered back, eyes half-closed with pleasure. “Fuck me.”

Carrie began to move, rocking her hips, feeling the head of Jody’s cock rubbing deep inside. Jody’s hands moved down her back, grabbing her ass, pushing her down, forcing her cock even deeper. Carrie cried out, writhing on top of her, their breasts rubbing together too, bellies soft, undulating.

“Fuck,” Doc whispered beside them, and Carrie remembered him then, glancing over to see his cock hard again, clenched in his fist. “You two are so fucking hot.”

“Want to put that in my mouth?” Jody licked her lips, swallowing, glancing at Doc’s stiff cock.

“Sweet girl.” Doc’s hand moved in Jody’s hair as he knelt up beside her, feeding his cock into her open mouth. She opened it like a baby bird as the head approached, gobbling him up, Carrie leaned in to lick at Jody’s soft lips as Doc’s length sank between them.

Doc watched as both women licked and sucked at the head of his cock, cheek to cheek, alternating, first his wife’s mouth, then Jody’s, and back again. Carrie moaned as Jody began to fuck her faster, bucking from underneath. It was so good, she could hardly stand it.

“Doc,” Carrie whispered, half sitting up on Jody’s cock, hearing her whimper at the change in sensation. She met her husband’s lust-filled eyes. “Would you fuck my ass? While she’s inside me?”

He didn’t need to be asked twice. There was K-Y in the night table drawer and Doc positioned himself behind her. Carrie leaned over Jody, feeling her arms go around her, Jody’s breath hot in her ear. Her pussy was already stretched with Jody’s throbbing length, so when Doc pressed the lubricated head of his cock against the tight ring of her asshole, Carrie cried out, burying her face against Jody’s throat.

“Easy, babygirl,” Jody whispered, fingers stroking Carrie’s hair and back. “Relax... let him in...”

“Ohhhhhh!” Carrie moaned, biting her lip, as Doc pushed a little deeper. When the spongy, mushroom-shaped head of his cock slipped past that first ring of muscle, she was trembling in Jody’s arms.

“Holy fuck, that’s tight,” Doc growled. “Jody, grab her ass for me. Hold it open.”

Jody did as he asked, reaching back and claspings Carrie’s ass cheeks, spreading them wide. Carrie cried out, feeling Doc sink deeper, halfway, then all the way, burying himself into her asshole. Their cocks throbbed in her holes. Everything between her legs felt swollen and wet. She couldn’t bear being filled another inch. It was sweet torture.

“Can you feel that?” Jody whispered into her ear, her cock pulsing in Carrie’s cunt like a thick heartbeat. “There’s just a thin layer of skin

separating our cocks. I can feel him inside of you.”

“You can?” Carrie’s eyes widened and she pulled back to look at Jody’s flushed face. “Doc, can you feel her cock?”

“Yeah.” Doc’s fingers gripped her hip, his hands covering Jody’s. “I can feel every inch of it. It’s fucking great.”

“It is,” Jody gasped as Doc began to move. “Oh fuck, it’s good. That’s it, Doc. Fuck her tight little asshole.”

“Oh God!” Carrie felt their hands on her, Jody holding her and bucking up into her wet cunt, Doc thrusting hard from behind, driving his cock deep into her ass. She couldn’t move at all, trapped between both of them, rutting and filling her with their cocks. Below her, Jody mewed and whimpered, her chest heaving, her nipples so hard they were like points brushing against Carrie’s swaying tits. Behind her, Doc grunted and growled with every thrust. Something animal taking over as they worked in rhythm.

“Gimme that clit,” Jody panted, reaching a hand down to find it. Her fingers closed over it, pinching lightly, and then, to Carrie’s surprise, she began to jerk it. She didn’t rub it or circle it, but instead she jacked it like the world’s tiniest little cock, matching her own motion—and Doc’s. Carrie couldn’t do anything but let it happen—the hard, fucking pounding she was getting in both holes, the fast jerk-off on her pulsing little clit.

“I’m gonna come,” Carrie cried against Jody’s shoulder. “Oh fuck! Fill me with your fucking cocks! I’m gonna come!”

Doc roared behind her at her words, tearing into her ass with a fury she hadn’t felt before. She felt his cum erupt inside her, deep in her bowels, as her clenching ass closed around his length. Jody screamed. It wasn’t a soft cry or even a moan, it was a full-out scream, her nails digging into Carrie’s behind, her cock throbbing in Carrie’s spasming cunt. They were all coming, together, a mass of thrusting, shuddering flesh, a morass of groans, grunts and cries.

Then, slowly, Doc eased out of her ass, and Jody slid out of her pussy, and they collapsed in a heap on the bed, working to catch their breath. Carrie snuggled up on one side of Jody, Doc resting on the other, up on his elbow, looking at them both with a lazy smile playing on his lips.

“How long have you known?” Carrie asked, sticking out her tongue at her husband. “You jerk.”

“For sure? Since I overheard you two talking on the beach.” Doc’s smile widened. “But I suspected when you came in that first night, after you’d been together.”

“How?” Carrie thought she’d been so careful.

“I could taste her cum in your mouth. Big difference between the taste of pussy and the taste of cock.” Doc’s eyes danced and Jody gave a little laugh.

“Did you like it?” Jody wondered out loud.

Doc nodded, meeting her eyes.

“So you didn’t know before that?” Jody asked. “You didn’t suspect?”

“No.” Doc shook his head. He lowered it close to hers, brushing his lips against her cheek. “No way—I couldn’t tell just from looking at you, gorgeous, that’s for damned sure. You’re a stunning woman.”

Jody beamed at that and Carrie smiled, her eyes meeting her husband’s.

“You’re not mad?” she asked, swallowing.

“Mad?” His eyebrows went up. “No. Surprised. I was taken aback a little, at first. Just had to shift gears. But... I’m actually kind of delighted.”

“Me too.” Carrie felt the lump growing in her throat at his words, the relief in her chest. She’d been afraid, even after the sex, that he might have just gotten carried away in the moment. She didn’t want this to end, this thing with Jody. Ever. And she couldn’t remember feeling that way about anyone they’d been with before. She’d loved everyone they’d ever taken to bed—but she’d never been in love with them, not the way she was in love with Jody.

“So it was a good surprise?” Carrie asked.

“Yes.” Doc chuckled. “Quite good.”

* * * *

“I feel guilty.” Jody leaned over Doc to whisper behind her hand to Carrie, who sat on his other side in the pedicab. “He’s working harder than a moth in a mitten up there.”

“Keeps him in shape,” Carrie whispered back, watching the man pedaling the bicycle that pulled their little cab up Duval Street. He was a nice sight to behold, his tanned legs pumping as he guided them uphill. He

was probably in his early to mid-twenties, dark hair and eyes, olive skin. Very handsome.

Doc sat between the two women, an arm around them both. He didn't look the least bit bothered by being ferried around, or by their attention to their studly, twenty-something chauffeur. The pedicabs were a great way to get around town, if you didn't want to walk—or drive. Most everyone in Key West was drinking this time of night, and driving wasn't such a great idea. Besides, the streets were usually packed with crowds, and cars often got stuck in the morass. Pedicabs were faster.

"You're going to love Captain Tony's," Doc said to Jody. "It's a total dive."

"So you really know Captain Tony?" Jody asked, appreciatively watching a group of obviously gay young men rollerblading by, most of them wearing nothing but Speedos, just as Elise had predicted. Carrie always thought it was an accident waiting to happen—not even any elbow or knee pads—but tons of people did it.

"His son owns the place now. But he still comes around." Doc nodded toward their destination, up ahead on the right. It was a little yellow building, nothing fancy. Its claim to fame was that it was the oldest bar in Florida—it had been a speakeasy during prohibition—and Jimmy Buffet got his start there in the 1970's, playing tunes for tequila. Captain Tony's also boasted that Hemingway had made it his favorite drinking hole back in the day.

Their driver braked his bike in front of the bar, bringing them to a slow stop. Doc stood, climbing down off the seat, holding out a hand first for Jody, then Carrie, helping them out of the pedicab. He paid the driver before they all went into the little yellow building. It wasn't too crowded, thankfully, and they found a table by the tree growing up through the middle of the floor.

"This place is great." Jody strained her neck, looking at all the business cards and sales slips tacked to the ceiling, along with a row of bras, in various shapes and sizes, that had been nailed up there.

"What can I get you folks?" The waitress came up, not really looking at them, but Carrie recognized her immediately.

"Lola?" she asked, catching the young woman's heavily made-up eye.

“Oh my word, it’s the Baumgartners,” Lola exclaimed. She called over her shoulder, “Tony! It’s the Baumgartners!”

Carrie didn’t see the old man, but maybe he was within earshot.

“I haven’t seen you in—hm, two years? Three?” Lola hugged Carrie with one arm, then hugged Doc with the other. Her gaze fell to Jody and her eyebrows raised. “Who’s your friend?”

“Jody, this is Lola.” Carrie introduced them, but Lola was already sliding into a chair beside her. “Lola is Tony’s cousin. Jody is our... uh...”

“You...” Lola breathed, head tilted, squinting at Jody in the dim light with a look of wonder on her face. “Are nearly unclockable.”

“Un... what?” Carrie shot her husband a puzzled look and he shrugged.

“Who was your doctor?” Lola asked.

“Lola!” Carrie exclaimed, aghast. “You can’t just...”

“I’m non-op, actually,” Jodie admitted with a smile. “You?”

“Oh, I’m all girl now.” Lola smiling, flipped up the edge of her skirt, revealing a flash of white panties.

“Lola!” a voice from the bar called. It was Tony’s son, Nick, who now owned the place and tended bar. “Stop pulling up your damned skirts!”

She stuck her tongue out at him. “Grouch.”

“Unclockable?” Carrie asked, looking between the two of them. “What’s that mean?”

“Passing privilege,” Jody explained, then glanced at Doc. “Just means she thinks I make a pretty good looking woman.”

“She’s got that right.”

“Was it Dr. Timbor?” Lola asked, looking down at Jody’s cleavage. “Did he do those?”

“No.” Jody glanced down too. “These are Georgia peaches.”

“Luscious.” Lola nodded at them, admiring, flipping her dark hair over her shoulder.

She made a pretty woman, but there was something about her angular features that somehow gave her away, Carrie noticed. She understood what Lola had meant, now, looking between the two of them, when she called Jody “unclockable.” You really couldn’t tell, unless Jody stripped down to the nude, that she wasn’t really a woman.

“Well, if you’re down here now, I’ll give you Dr. Timbor’s card. He’s not a gender-Nazi like some of them. And he’s good. He did these.” Lola lifted her tits, showing off her cleavage in the V-neck blouse she was wearing and they heard that warning voice from the bar again.

“Lola!”

“Okay, okay!” Lola waved at the big, bald, tattooed bartender, smiling sweetly. Then she turned back to them and, pointing at her lap, she said in a mock whisper, “Between you and me, I could crack walnuts with my new va-jay-jay.”

Last time Carrie had seen Lola, she’d been a “non-op” too. She was already dressing as a woman then, though, Carrie remembered, and she had a woman’s sense of injustice about infidelity, too. When Carrie had complained to her about Janie’s cheating boyfriend—Brian had been cheating on Carrie’s daughter, although Janie didn’t yet know or believe it—Lola had stepped up to the plate and had been more than happy to take one for the team.

Lola had seduced unsuspecting Brian into the back room and the cheating little bastard had gotten the surprise of his life.

“Anyway, I’ve got Dr. Timbor’s card in my purse,” Lola went on.

“I don’t know how long I’ll be here,” Jody said, glancing at Carrie, then at Doc. “I’m kind of... between residences...”

“Don’t you love it? Isn’t it like finally finding home?” Lola’s hand fell to Jody’s leg. Carrie noticed it with a twinge of jealousy. “It’s so T-friendly down here.”

“Duvall Street sure seems to be,” Jody replied.

“Well, I’ll tell you what. I’ve got room at my place if you’re looking,” Lola told her with a small, sly smile. “Just one bed, but I’m sure we could manage.”

“I—uh—” Jody was saved from answering when Captain Tony came out from the back room, roaring a greeting.

“The Baumgartners!” He was really getting old, Carrie noted, as he hobbled closer. He walked with a limp, now, and used a cane, although it just added to the air of “old sea captain” about him. Carrie stood to hug him as he approached their table, and Doc gave the old man a one-armed hug, too, slapping him on the back.

“So how are the kids?” Captain Tony inquired, leaning on his cane with both hands.

“Henry’s getting married,” Carrie said, realizing it was the first time she’d said it out loud to someone who wasn’t family.

“Damn, I’m old.” Tony shook his white head, tipping back his sea captain hat. He wore it everywhere.

“That’s how I feel.” Carrie laughed.

Tony grabbed a stool and took a seat at their table so they could catch up. Carrie answered all his questions about Janie and Henry, and Gretchen and Ronnie, too. They’d all spent time in Captain Tony’s at some point or another. Lola went to get them drinks while Doc got involved in a conversation with Tony about his new passion—firearms.

When Lola returned, she sat close beside Jody—too close, as far as Carrie was concerned—and started chatting her up. But Carrie couldn’t get away from Tony, who kept grabbing her hand and asking her something when she tried to excuse herself.

She tried to listen to Jody’s conversation, but between Doc and Tony talking, the loud pulse of the music, and the crowd starting to grow in the bar, she only caught snippets.

“So he wanted you cut?” Lola asked. Carrie definitely heard that.

“...worked in boy-mode for the first year or so we were together...” Jody told her. Carrie was still getting used to the language and the lingo. But she knew what Jody meant when she said, “I don’t tell many people my T...”

She meant her “transition history.” Was she telling Lola?

“We’re down here to arrange selling the time share actually,” Doc told Tony. The conversation had shifted.

“You’re selling?” Lola perked up at that. “Oh I wish I could buy it!”

“You should move down here,” Tony suggested.

“We can’t.” Carrie shook her head sipping her margarita. “Doc’s practice is in Michigan. We’ve got roots there...”

“To hell with roots!” Lola cried. “Transplant yourself down here with us!”

“Hey, Lola!” Nick called from the bar. “Could use a little help, eh? Aren’t you supposed to be earning a paycheck or something?”

“Fine.” Lola rolled her eyes, standing and looking down at Jody. She was going to say something but Jody held up one finger, digging through her purse and pulling out her phone. Carrie hadn’t heard it ring, but the bar was filling and growing louder.

“Who is it?” Carrie called, seeing Jody’s expression when she answered the phone.

“I have to take this.” Jody excused herself as she edged by. “I’m just going to find somewhere quieter...”

“Hey, will you give this to Jody when she comes back?” Lola slid a card across the table. “That’s Dr. Timbor’s card.”

“Sure.” Doc picked it up, sliding it into his breast pocket.

Carrie noticed this out of the corner of her eye, but she was paying more attention to Jody, who had stepped into an alcove near the restroom, one finger in her ear while she talked into her cell phone. Jody looked upset. Very upset. Had Jackie found her number, after all? The thought made Carrie feel cold, in spite of the heat. Someone famous came into the bar—some sports star Carrie didn’t know—and Tony excused himself to go say hello. She gave him a hug, but she was still too distracted by Jody and her phone call to really pay attention.

“You okay?” Carrie asked as Jody returned to the table. “Everything all right?”

“I—” Jody sat at the table, looking between the two of them. “I don’t know.”

“Was it him?” Doc’s eyes flashed with anger.

“No, no, sugar, it wasn’t Jackie.” She looked pale, even as she reassured them. “It was just a friend. She... she had some news for me...”

“Bad news?” Carrie prompted.

“Well, it isn’t good news.”

“Tell us,” Doc urged. “You can tell us.”

“I wasn’t Jackie’s first.” Tears trembled on Jody’s lashes. “I wasn’t the first one he... he wanted to change.”

“What do you mean?” Carrie asked, sliding one stool closer.

“My friend, Megan...” Jody looked down at the drink in front of her. “She heard from one of Jackie’s former... lovers.”

Carrie gasped. “Was he cheating on you?”

“Not exactly.” Jody gave a short, strangled laugh. “Megan says... oh my God, he’s done this before. With three or four others.”

“Done what?” Doc asked, moving a stool closer, too, so he was on her other side. Carrie met his concerned gaze.

“He takes them in.” Jody’s voice was low enough they both had to lean in to hear her. “Like he took me in. He... he pays for everything. He pays for their transition.”

“What?” Carrie breathed, disbelieving.

“Megan says he has them put up in little houses of their own in Atlanta.” Jody moved her drink off her wet napkin, rolling her fingers over the edge of the paper, tearing little strips of it. “He pays for their surgeries and turns them into the kind of woman he wants. Then he keeps them like... like girl toys he can go play with whenever the mood strikes him.”

“Oh my God.” Carrie put an arm over her shoulder, feeling Jody trembling. “Oh, I’m sorry, I’m so sorry...”

“These are all women who... who were born men?” Doc asked.

“Well, they were all born with a penis,” Jody replied. “Yes.”

Doc’s hand covered hers on the table. “And he forced them to have surgery?”

“I don’t know.” She shrugged, sniffing. “I’m sure they wanted to transition. But...”

“How many of them?” he asked.

“She didn’t say for sure.” Jody swallowed, her lower lip quivering. “At least three. Possibly four. Maybe... more.”

“And he keeps them like... dolls?” Carrie shuddered, squeezing Jody closer. “Or...”

“Sex toys,” Jody whispered. It was so soft, Carrie didn’t know if Doc even heard her, but she did. “No wonder he never pressured me to have sex...”

“He was trying to make you into his vision,” Doc remarked, frowning. “It’s like he’s trying to build the perfect woman.”

Jody’s shoulders shook at that, and Carrie heard her holding back a sob.

“I guess...” Jody took a little, shuddering breath. “I just wasn’t perfect enough.”

It happened so fast, Carrie hardly had time to react. One moment, Jody was there between them, holding back tears, and the next minute she was gone. Just gone. Carrie glimpsed her at the front entrance, but Doc was already halfway after her, calling her name.

“Jody!”

She ran. Thankfully, she was in heels, otherwise Carrie wasn’t sure they could have ever kept up with her. Doc was faster, especially since he wasn’t hindered by his footwear, following her through the streets, keeping sight of her in the midst of the crowd. Carrie ran after him in her sandals, a stitch growing in her side as they followed her around the corner.

Doc slowed, waiting for Carrie to catch up and grabbing her hand, pulling her after him. But they didn’t have to run too much further. Jody had cornered herself at the end of a pier and there was nowhere else for her to go, unless she meant to jump into the water. It was a dead end.

For a moment, Carrie thought that was exactly what she was going to do, but Jody slowed when she reached the end of the long, wooden pier. Carrie stopped to catch her breath, feeling Doc’s hand tighten in hers as they both saw Jody standing there, looking out at the sun moving low toward the water. She was hugging herself, arms crossed, such a lonely, solitary figure that just looking at her in the slowly fading sunlight broke Carrie’s heart.

They didn’t speak. They just approached her quietly, both of them coming up behind her on the pier. Jody didn’t turn, but she acknowledged them.

“It’s okay.” She sniffed, closing her eyes. “I just... I have to be alone.”

“Is that what you really want?” Carrie put a hand on her shoulder. Jody glanced at it, her lower lip trembling.

“I’m always alone.” She shivered. “I’ve been alone since I could remember. That’s how it is.”

“Jody...” Doc’s hand on her other shoulder. “You don’t ever have to be alone again, if you don’t want to be.”

“He means it.” Carrie felt tears stinging her eyes as she leaned her chin on her lover’s shoulder, her words spoken close to her ear. “I mean it.”

“You’re both sweet.” Jody offered her a half-smile. “But... I’ve never been enough.”

“Jody, no, don’t say that,” Carrie whispered, feeling her own, hot tears starting to fall.

“It’s true.” Jody’s gaze stayed distant, on the horizon. “You know, other kids, they got adopted. But no one ever wanted me.”

“I wanted you.” Carrie put her arms around Jody’s slender waist, pressing her forehead to her cheek. “I always wanted you. You were the first person I ever loved. I gave everything to you. Don’t you remember?”

“I remember.” Tears slipped down Jody’s cheeks too.

“And I still want you.” Carrie tightened her arms around her, as if she was afraid she might slip away again. “Look at me.”

Jody didn’t, so Carrie took her trembling chin in her fingers, turning her eyes toward hers. They were big, brown, and full of tears. So much pain, so much fear and uncertainty.

“You’re beautiful,” Carrie whispered, her voice catching in her throat. “You’re perfect. And I love you.”

Jody’s face crumbled. She gave a low, gut-wrenching sob, throwing her arms around Carrie’s neck.

“Shhhh.” Carrie stroked her hair, her back, rocking her back and forth, her own tears falling hard and fast. “It’s okay. You’re okay. I promise.”

Carrie felt Doc’s hand on her head, moving through her hair, and she glanced up at him, seeing the pained look in his eyes. Seeing the love there, too. She held an arm out to him, and he enfolded them both in his big arms.

“You’re safe,” Doc murmured, kissing the top of Carrie’s head, then Jody’s, all of them rocking together at the end of the pier.

“I don’t remember the last time I felt safe.” Jody sniffed, turning her face to rest it against Doc’s chest. Carrie did, too, so their arms were around him and each other, their tear-filled eyes locked. “Maybe never. I never belonged anywhere before.”

“You belong here,” Doc assured her.

Carrie nodded, leaning over and kissing her wet cheek. “With us.”

Jody didn’t answer, but Carrie thought, for the first time, looking into her dark, hopeful eyes, she might really believe it. And even if she didn’t believe it now, she would. They’d spend the rest of their lives showing her just how much she was loved, wanted, accepted.

“Perfect,” Carrie whispered, pressing her lips to Jody’s. “Beautiful. Mine.”

“Ours,” Doc murmured, smiling, tightening his hold on them both.

“Yes,” Jody mouthed, but there were no more words, just kisses.

That was a language they could all speak.

Chapter Nine

The call came while Carrie was mixing afternoon margaritas in the kitchen. The temperature outside had cooled down to the early seventies and the breeze coming off the ocean was divine. She had the windows and the sliding door wide open as she ran the blender, singing along to the Counting Crows on the radio.

She glanced out onto the patio, seeing Jody sitting cross-legged and topless on one of the lounge chairs, Carrie's iPad in her hand. Carrie poured three margaritas—Doc was due home any time from the Hunt Club—giving each a little extra splash of tequila. Back when the kids were little, they kept their drinking to evenings or nights when they had a babysitter or nanny to watch Janie and Henry.

Couldn't do this with kids around, could we? It was Doc's voice in her head, and she smiled, taking a sip of her margarita. Strong. Made her eyes water. Yum.

Definitely couldn't do this with kids around, she thought, admiring Jody topless, sunglasses tilted up on top of her head, swiping pages on the iPad. Carrie's mouth watered, not just because of the margarita. The thought of sucking Jody's cock on the back patio to the sound of the surf made her pussy pulse in response.

Her iPhone rang and Carrie grabbed it, thinking it would be Doc, asking if she wanted him to pick anything up on the way home, but the number was local.

"Hello?" Carrie licked margarita mix off her finger, putting the empty blender in the sink.

"Great news!" Elise exclaimed. "We have an offer!"

"We do?" Carrie turned, leaning against the sink, looking out at the ocean view through the sliding door. They'd only had three showings, as far as she knew. She'd told Elise to call before she dropped over, of course, just for privacy purposes.

"It's at your asking price, plus they'll pay your closing costs."

"Fantastic!" Carrie's heart fluttered at this news.

"I can bring over all the details tomorrow afternoon. Are you free?"

"Uhh..." She glanced around the kitchen, looking for some excuse, but couldn't find any. "Sure. What time?"

They arranged to meet at the house at two. Carrie didn't want to do it any earlier, because they all had a tendency to lay in bed in the morning. Or, get laid, more to the point, not that she was going to tell Elise that. She was just hanging up the phone when Doc came in the front door.

"In the kitchen!" Carrie called. He appeared around the corner, whistling some tune, stopping when he saw his wife standing with three margaritas on the counter beside her.

"We're starting early?" he asked, eyebrows raised.

"Well, I guess we're celebrating." Carrie picked up a glass and handed it to him. "I have news."

"Hey, me too." He took a sip, blinking. "Whoa, strong."

"Mine first." Carrie grabbed her glass, taking a gulp. "We have an offer."

"Really?" He frowned, glancing out the sliding glass door, seeing Jody on the lounge chair. "Already?"

"I guess Elise wasn't kidding." She sighed, taking another sweet-and-sour gulp of her drink. "She's bringing the offer over tomorrow around two."

"Well..." Doc sighed. "I guess we're really going to have to make a decision."

"What do you mean?" She cocked her head at him.

"Well, I didn't just go out to the Hunt Club this afternoon." Doc finished his drink in a gulp, setting the glass on the counter. "I went in to talk to Dr. Timbor."

"Lola's doctor?" She blinked at him, surprised. "Why?"

"I had his card in my pocket and I had a few questions." Doc shrugged. "I just wanted to find out a little more, I guess, so I called him. Anyway, we got to talking, and he invited me to lunch."

"Oh." Carrie sipped her drink. "He does the transition surgery?"

Doc nodded. "Yeah, he does—he's got more work down here than he can handle."

"Well, it is Key West." She smiled.

"He's a great guy. Had a lot to say." Doc paused, looking out the sliding door. Jody was still on the tablet, frowning at the screen. "He made me an interesting proposition, actually."

"What kind of proposition?" She raised her eyebrows.

“I’m not transitioning,” Doc said with a little laugh. “But he needs help, and he’s been looking for a partner.”

“Partner?” She shook her head. “But you’re not a surgeon.”

“That’s the thing—he needs someone to take over all the other stuff,” he said. “Writing scripts, doing pre-and-post-op visits. I wouldn’t have to do the surgery. Although, I could learn. It’s been a long time since my surgery rotation, but I don’t see why I couldn’t do it.”

“Are you seriously considering this?” Her heart fluttered in her chest at the thought. They’d come down here with a clear purpose—sell the time-share, so they could go home and Doc could buy half of Brady’s practice and take it over.

Then Jody had happened, and everything had changed. They’d talked a little bit about the idea Lola had suggested—buying the time-share themselves and moving down there. But they were both stuck at the job situation. Carrie could certainly get a Florida real estate license, but that wouldn’t pay all of the bills, especially when she first started out. Doc could practice medicine, of course, but again, it would take time to build the practice.

They had the money they’d just come into thanks to Viralon—yay for boner pills, Carrie liked to say. But Gordon didn’t want them to spend too much of that. Investing it would be the smartest thing to do, and living on that money would deplete it far too quickly.

So they’d come to the decision that, even if they wanted to stay down there in paradise, in spite of Elise’s dire warnings about Florida weather and culture, it just wasn’t the smart, responsible thing to do. This was a vacation home, not a forever home, and as much as she didn’t want to give it up, she had come to a sort of acceptance about it over the past week. It was the end of an era. They were moving on.

Now this!

“I don’t know.” Doc sighed, looking as conflicted as she felt. “Things are in such flux right now. It would mean moving down here. But his offer is actually far better than Brady’s.”

“Really? That much better?” Her heart was beating too fast. “Maybe... maybe we really could move in here?”

“It’s a thought...” He met her eyes and she saw the excitement in them. She knew what the smart, sensible thing would be, but she also knew

her husband had been resisting it since Brady had made the offer. Maybe it was a time in their lives not to do the smart, sensible thing? “I mean, we don’t really have anything tying us down, aside from the practice. Why couldn’t we sell the house in Michigan and move in here, as long as I had a job lined up?”

“Do you mean it?” She barely got the words out in a whisper.

“Well... maybe...” His gaze moved back out to the patio, a smile playing on his lips. “I think Jody would be far happier here than she would if we took her back to Michigan.”

“Oh, Doc...” Carrie put her arms around him, her cheek against his chest.

There was plenty he wasn’t telling her, she realized, feeling tears stinging her eyes. He’d called Dr. Timbor, had taken that initiative, and maybe it had happened like he said, but she thought Doc had done more than a little pushing and selling for his part. And he’d done it because he loved her, because he was already more than half-way in love with Jody, and he had wanted to make them both happy.

And they would all be happy here.

“This is such amazing news.” She turned her face up, going on tiptoe to kiss his lips.

“Oh, I do have something else to tell you.” His face darkened. “Actually, both of you. And... it’s not such great news.”

“What is it?” Carrie frowned, her belly clenching at the look in his eyes.

“Carrie!” Jody slid the screen door open, rushing into the house, holding the tablet. She’d thrown her cover-up on and she sat at the kitchen table, looking at the two of them with wide, blinking eyes.

“What is it?” Carrie asked, disengaging from husband’s arms and going over to her.

Jody looked down at the tablet, whispering, “Oh my God, oh my God, it’s real...”

“Is that...” Carrie looked at the photo filling her iPad screen. “Your ex?”

“That’s Jackie...” Jody pointed her finger at the man on screen. “And that... is not me.”

“She looks kind of like you...” Doc frowned at the photo as he approached.

“They all do.” Jody flipped through, showing them. “Look.”

Doc and Carrie stood, staring over her shoulder.

“These are the women he was paying for?” Doc asked. “All the surgeries?”

“They all look like Barbie dolls,” Carrie mused.

“He wanted me to get my nose done...” Jody sighed. “And my lips...”

“Not to mention your cock.” Carrie’s hand fell onto her shoulder.

“I have this same dress!” Jody exclaimed, pointing a finger at a photograph of a woman on the iPad who looked far too much like her to be a coincidence. “It’s in my closet at home... well... back in Georgia... it’s not home anymore...”

“This is awful.” Carrie sighed. “Is he still seeing all these woman?”

“Megan sent these.” Jody pushed the iPad away, shaking her head. “I told her... I just... I guess, I didn’t want to believe. She hired a P.I. to tail him and he took these pictures.”

“Now you know it’s true.” Carrie put her arms around her from behind, kissing the top of her head. “I’m so sorry...”

“At least I know.” Jody sniffed. “These pictures don’t lie.”

“No, pictures don’t lie,” Doc agreed, sliding into the chair beside her. “Jody, I have something to tell you...”

“What is it?” Jody’s head came up and she frowned, watching Doc pull a folded manila envelope out of his back pocket.

“I hate to add insult to injury, but I’ve got some news about your Jackie Benton.” He slid the envelope across the table.

“He’s not my Jackie anymore.” Jody leaned back against Carrie, looking at the envelope, but not moving to touch it.

“I was at Dr. Timbor’s office today,” Doc explained. “He was showing me some of his case files. We were looking at some before and after photos. And I came across this.”

Doc picked up the envelope and pulled a bent file folder out of it. Carrie gasped when he opened it.

“Is that...?” she whispered.

But Jody had already confirmed it, eyes wide. “That’s Jackie.”

“He transitioned back in 1999.” Doc cleared his throat, sliding the file closer.

“He transitioned... into a man?” Carrie looked from the file to Doc and back again, incredulous.

“This explains so much...” Jody closed her eyes and Carrie felt her trembling. “I’m in trouble. I’ve put you both in danger. I’m so sorry. I have to go.”

Doc grabbed her arm when she jumped up, reacting far more quickly than he had back at the bar when she’d run the first time.

“You’re not going anywhere.” Carrie got her arms around Jody’s waist, pressing her cheek against her back.

“You don’t understand!” Jody wailed, Doc’s arms going around her, too. They held her close between them and Carrie felt her whole body quivering. Jody choked out, “He’s coming for me. Megan says he hired a P.I. of his own and he knows where I am now. He’s on his way down here.”

That thought made Carrie’s whole body go cold.

“I have to get out of here.” Jody lifted her face from Doc’s chest, a panicked look in her eyes. “Right now.”

“Jody, no...” Carrie pleaded with her, meeting Doc’s dark gaze. She knew he just wanted to protect them both.

“What am I going to do?” Jody whispered, her voice choked with fear.

“Shhh.” Doc stroked Jody’s hair, meeting his wife’s tear-filled eyes. Carrie was scared. If Jody was this terrified of the man, she was afraid to imagine what he was capable of. “Listen, I did a little Googling. Is it true that Jackie Benton made his billions in sporting firearms?”

“Yes.” Jody sniffed, nodding. “He’s ex-army and was a pro shooter on the circuit before he went into the manufacturing end of the game—that’s how I met him.”

“Good.” Doc pulled Carrie into his embrace, too, trying to calm them both. “It’s going to be okay. I have an idea.”

* * * *

They watched the sun rise on the beach before they headed to Captain Tony’s. Jody had called Jackie from a still-working payphone downtown the day before, making arrangements to meet him. Carrie held her hand on the way over. They drove the Mustang—it was far too early for

the streets to be crowded. Captain Tony's was dead, still closed to the public.

"Are you scared?" Carrie whispered as they knocked on the door.

"I'm as nervous as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs," Jody admitted. Her hand was clammy in Carrie's and she squeezed it, trying to reassure her.

"It's too fucking early." Lola opened the door, wearing no make-up, looking still sleepy. "Come on in."

"Hey, Doc," Captain Tony called from his stool at the bar. He was drinking already, even though it wasn't quite eight a.m. "If there's gonna be trouble, I can have a dozen Merchant Marines with horrible hangovers here in a heartbeat."

"Thanks, Cap'n," Doc said, smiling. "But I'm pretty sure there won't be any trouble."

"Hey, Tony," Lola called, slipping into a chair. "Why don't you call those Merchant Marines and have them drop by after these folks are gone? I might have some trouble for them to handle."

"It's almost time." Jody's voice was barely a whisper. Carrie looked at the clock on the wall. Almost eight.

"I want you to wait in the back," Doc told his wife, ushering her toward Lola and Tony. "I'll stay out front with Jody."

"But..." Carrie protested, not wanting to let go of Jody's hand.

"I got this." Lola crooked her finger at Carrie. "Follow me."

Carrie kissed Jody, cupping her face in her hands, seeing the fear in the other woman's eyes.

"Doc's here," she reminded her. "It'll be okay."

She felt tears stinging her eyes as she followed Lola and Tony into the back. It smelled strongly of beer in the back room, where they stored all the kegs. Tony opened a small door and waved the two women through.

"What's this?" Carrie asked, glancing at the computer and monitor setup. There were four monitors, with every vantage point covered, inside and out.

"Surveillance," Lola said, taking a seat in a folding chair and nodding to the one next to her for Carrie. "Tony's got cameras all over the bar."

“Mostly for liability,” he explained, taking a seat in his own folding chair. “And to keep the bartenders honest.”

Carrie looked at the screen, seeing a short man in a three-piece suit, flanked by four others, approaching the bar. She remembered when Lola tricked Brian, Janie’s boyfriend at the time. He’d been cheating on her, and Lola, who hadn’t transitioned yet and still had a penis, was happy to play the role. Tony had put it all on display on the television screens out there in the main bar, letting everyone witness Brian’s humiliation. Now she realized how he’d done it.

“Can we hear them?” Carrie asked, seeing Jody letting the man in.

“Sure can.” Tony flipped a switch and the sound of Jackie and Jody talking filled the little room.

The four other big guys stood by the front door as Jody and Jackie sat at a table together.

“Are you all right?” Jackie asked. His voice was soft, not deep like Carrie had expected.

“No thanks to you.” Jody sniffed, leaning back and crossing her arms over her chest. She had refused to dress up for him, wearing just jeans and a t-shirt, no make-up, hair pulled back from her face into a ponytail. Not that she wasn’t beautiful anyway, Carrie noted. She was, actually, still stunning, even now. But Jody said Jackie liked her all glammed up, and she wasn’t about to do that for him anymore.

“I was the one left handcuffed naked to the headboard.” Jackie leaned forward, elbows on the table, eyes narrowing.

“I was the one you’ve been lying to for years.” Jody’s voice was hard, and Carrie was glad. She couldn’t see Doc, and that worried her. Where was he? Had he left Jody all alone with this man and his four bodyguards? What if he just decided he was going to take her? Then what?

“Justine—” Jackie sighed, sitting back.

“It’s Jody.”

“Okay. Jody.” Jackie nodded, conceding. “Listen to me. I miss you. I want you to come home.”

“I am home.” Jody shook her head, glancing to her right, and Carrie saw Doc appear in camera view.

“Who’s this guy?” Jackie jerked his thumb at Doc, giving him a dark look.

The four guys at the door took several steps forward, surprised by Doc's appearance, too.

"Just a friend of the lady," Doc said.

Jackie sneered. "You been fucking this guy?"

"Jackie, you need to listen to me, for once," Jody told him. "Really listen."

The man sat up fully in his seat, glaring at Doc.

"Are you listening?" Jody asked. Jackie gave a slow nod, his gaze finally coming back to settle on her. "I'm not going back with you. It's over between us."

"If you think—"

"Jackie, stop." Jody held up a hand with a short shake of her head. "I'm grateful for your help, I really am, but I don't need it anymore—and I don't want it anymore."

"You think you get to choose? You already made that choice, sweetheart."

"I do get to choose." Jody's voice shook, not from fear, but in anger. Her dark eyes flashed and Carrie could feel the rage in her, even just watching on camera. "And this is my choice."

"What? This guy?" Jackie jerked his thumb at Doc again. "I could buy and sell this asshole a hundred times over."

"I can't be with you anymore." Jody crossed her arms. "It costs me too much to be with you, Jackie. And no part of me is for sale anymore, never again."

"You think it costs you?" Jackie scoffed. "Now you listen to me, sweetheart. I've already invested too much in you to walk away."

"You'll be just fine, Jackie." A small, slow smile spread across Jody's face, pained, cynical. "You've clearly diversified to recession-proof your investments."

"What?" Jackie's eyes skipped over her, frowning.

Jody looked at Doc, then she opened her purse, pulling out an envelope. She slid it across the table and Carrie saw Jackie pick it up. He opened it, peering inside, and his face fell. Carrie saw something dark pass through him, his eyes revealing his panic, but just for a moment.

"How many more are there?" Jody asked softly. This time there was hurt in her voice. She clearly couldn't keep it from him, as much as she was

trying.

Jackie leaned forward, reaching for her hand. “Listen, Justine—”

“It’s Jody.” Her voice hardened again as she sat back, out of his reach.

“These are nothing. They’re failures,” he told her. “They can’t hold a candle to you. Once I get you home, and we get you cut, you’ll see...”

“You aren’t listening to me.” Jody sighed. “I’m not going anywhere with you.”

“I’m sure your friend will send your things.” Jackie’s mouth drew into a thin, grim line, ignoring her words. Then he stood, holding a hand out to her. “Come on, Justine. It’s hot down here and it’s time to go home.”

“The lady said she’s not going anywhere.” Doc stepped up to the table, putting his body between them.

“Are you gonna stop her?” Jackie looked him up and down—he was a good head shorter than Doc—and sneered. “I don’t think you know what kind of people you’re about to get between, son. Maybe you should learn to pick your ‘friends’ better.”

Jackie’s men stepped forward, coming up behind Doc, their hands in their coats. Carrie covered a gasp with her hand, wanting to warn him, but of course he couldn’t hear her.

“No, I’m not going to stop her,” Doc said calmly. He shifted his position, so that Jody was behind him, and he was now facing both Jackie and the four approaching men in suits. “You’re going to turn around and leave.”

“Like hell I am.” Jackie snorted.

“Yes, you are.” Doc drew himself up to full height, a resolve in his voice that made Carrie’s mouth go dry. “Take your overdressed barber shop quartet out of here, and never show your face in this lady’s life again.”

“You think you’re amusing?” Jackie chuckled. “You won’t be laughing last, I can guarantee that.”

Jackie gave a nod to the four approaching men, but he waved them off when Doc quietly handed him a manila envelope. Carrie held her breath, watching as the man opened the envelope, pulling out the contents. She couldn’t see what was in it, but whatever it was, it made Jackie’s face go pale. It was even starker on the black and white monitor. His expression didn’t change, but he’d broken into a sweat.

“I assume you have copies of this material?” Jackie slid the contents back into the envelope, his mouth tight, dropping it on the table.

“That’s correct.” Doc nodded. “And if anything happens to her, me, or anyone close to us, I can assure you—it all goes public.”

“You’re obviously a smart man,” Jackie observed. “You do know that I will find out who you are.”

“Let me make it easy for you,” Doc said, taking something out of the breast pocket of his shirt. “Here’s my card.”

Doc slide it across the table as Jackie put the envelope in an inside pocket of his suit.

“Stephen Baumgartner, M.D.?” he said, picking up and peering at the card.

“They call me Doc.”

“Well-played.” Jackie looked at the card again and chuckled. “They ought to call you Doc Holliday.”

Jackie’s demeanor changed as he turned to Jody, eyes narrowing. Doc put a protective hand on her shoulder.

“You’re making the biggest mistake of your life.” He pointed the card at Jody with a snarl. “You could have had it all, princess.”

“Thanks,” Jody said, reaching back and putting her hand over Doc’s. The look in her eyes made Carrie tear up again. She looked so strong, so resolute. There was no fear or doubt on her face at all. “But you can keep it.”

Jackie glared at her, but he didn’t make a move. Instead, he turned, and Carrie saw his shoulders sag a little as he headed toward the door, motioning for his men to follow.

Jody let out a pent-up breath as soon as the door closed behind them, jumping up.

“My knight in shining armor.” Jody stood, putting her arms around Doc’s neck.

Carrie was already out of the little video room and hugging them both in an instant.

“Well-played,” Tony said, wobbling out on his cane, sounding impressed. “Doc Holliday couldn’t have done better with a six-shooter.”

“What did you use for ammunition?” Carrie asked, still confused about that.

“Yeah, what was in the envelope?” Lola grabbed it off the table and opened it. Carrie saw a before and after picture of Jackie Benton, and a letter. She glanced over Lola’s shoulder, seeing that it was addressed to the NRA, but had been cc’d to three dozen other big firearms, shooting and hunting organizations, all of them listed at the bottom.

“To Whom It May Concern.” Lola read out loud. “Information has come to light about Jackie Benton and B.O.S.S., the Benton Official Sport Shooting family of corporations, that true American sportsmen, their families, churches and sporting communities, as well as the political entities and military supply buyers supported by B.O.S.S., might find useful in determining where to allocate their financial resources as consumers and businesses...”

Tony gave a low whistle, shaking his head. “I think you just won that gunfight, Doc Holliday.”

“Does this mean we’re not calling the Merchant Marines?” Lola pouted, interrupted mid-sentence.

Jody looked at Lola, smirked, and said, “Slut.”

“You know it, honey.” Lola grinned. “Ain’t too many Doc Holliday’s left in this world, so what’s a girl supposed to do?”

“Nice shootin’, Doc.” Jody kissed his cheek and Doc grabbed Carrie to him, too, holding onto both women.

“I love you,” Carrie whispered, putting her hand on his chest as she kissed his other cheek.

“Careful, don’t cover his gold star,” Jody teased.

“Weren’t nothin, ma’am,” Doc said, doing his best accept and tipping an imaginary hat. “Just doin’ what’s right for those worth protectin’.”

“Oh my God,” Lola laughed, rolling her eyes. “Why don’t one of you just shoot me now!”

* * * *

“Who was that?” Carrie frowned, putting an arm around a sleepy, slightly drunk Jody snoozing beside her in bed as Doc clicked the mute button on his cell phone, leaving it on the night stand. They’d come in late from a night at Captain Tony’s. Lola had been singing karaoke, and that girl could sing her ass off. Surprisingly, so could Jody. They’d sung gorgeous duets several times that night.

“Elise again.” Doc slid the blankets aside and climbed into bed, Jody between them. “She’s not happy about our decision.”

“But I am.” Carrie smiled down at Jody, stroking her hair. “We’re really going to do this, aren’t we?”

“It’s what you want, isn’t it?” he asked, looking down at Jody’s sleeping face. Carrie thought she looked peaceful, happy.

“Yeah.” Carrie nodded, lifting her gaze to meet his. “You?”

“What about the kids?” Doc asked as Jody turned over, facing Carrie. She wiggled back against Doc in her sleep and he groaned, hand moving to her hip. “Still feeling that empty nest?”

“Our birdies can fly to Florida instead of Michigan when they want to come home.” Carrie looked around their bedroom, smiling. “The nest has moved south, and not just for the winter.”

“And we’ve got a new little chick.” He chuckled, leaning down to kiss Jody’s cheek. She stirred and sighed, wiggling against him again. “So sweet.”

“She is,” Carrie agreed, sliding a hand under Jody’s camisole to cup her breast. Jody moaned in her sleep, mumbling something unintelligible. “You’re really not mad?”

“Really not,” he assured her.

“Because there is one other thing.” Carrie worried her lip, meeting Doc’s questioning eyes. “I didn’t tell you...”

“Oh?”

The past several months, keeping Jody a secret from Doc, had been so difficult. But she still hadn’t confessed everything, not quite.

“Jody...” Her gaze dropped and she swallowed. “He was my first.”

“Your... first?” Doc’s eyebrows went up. Then he asked, “*He?*”

“Yeah.” She cleared her throat. “I told you I lost my virginity when I was in a group home in foster care, right? With a guy I knew there...”

“Jody?” Doc said her name and she stirred. “When she was... a he...?”

“Technically, I guess.” Carrie’s hand moved down Jody’s soft belly, playing with her navel ring. “But I think she was always just her... you know? She’s changed, on the outside, but she’s still Jody. I can’t explain it.”

“I get it.” Doc’s hand covered Carrie’s over Jody’s middle, meeting her eyes. “I fell just as hard as you did. I think I fell in love with her the first

time she put a gun in my hand.”

Carrie laughed softly at that. “Hers—or the Glock you bought?”

“Ha.” Doc smiled. “Both? Hell, by the time I found out, for sure, it didn’t matter anymore. She could have had two cocks or a double vagina, for all I cared.”

“That would be fun.” Jody smiled, stretching, her eyes fluttering open. “I wonder if Dr. Timbor could do that?”

“I think we have all the genitals we need,” Carrie told her, laughing.

“Mmmm.” Jody sighed, licking her lips as Carrie flicked her navel ring. “I was dreaming about you...”

“Me?” Carrie asked.

“Both of you. I dreamed we were on a boat, sailing.” Jody reached back, grabbing a handful of Doc’s hip, and Carrie knew her husband’s hard cock was pressed up against Jody’s behind. “Am I still dreaming, babygirl?”

“No,” Carrie breathed, leaning down to kiss her forehead.

“Did I hear the phone ring?” Jody looked between them, a brief flash of fear in her eyes.

“Just Elise again.” Carrie made a face. “She’s mad we’re not selling.”

“And you two are sure?” she asked, for the millionth time. “I don’t want to make you do something you can’t afford—”

“Shh.” Carrie happily reassured her for the millionth time, pressing a finger to Jody’s lips. “We might not be as rich as Jackie, but we’re doing okay, trust me.”

“And we’re doing exactly what we want to do,” Doc reminded her.

“Are *you*?” Carrie asked her and Jody blinked at her, surprised. “I mean, you just left a billionaire for us. You do realize that right?”

“Totally worth it.” She snorted. “I didn’t have to think twice.”

“He was really a billionaire?” Carrie mused. Their three-point-whatever million seemed to pale in comparison.

Jody yawned. “He was so rich he bought another boat when he got the other one wet.”

“That’s pretty rich.” Doc chuckled at the phrase, shaking his head. “We’re definitely not that rich.”

“But that ship has sailed.” Jody gave a small, happy sigh, snuggling down between them.

“Time to get on board another one,” Carrie agreed, snuggling up with her. “Who knows where we’re headed?”

“I know where I’m headed, babygirl.” Jody started kissing her way down between Carrie’s cleavage. This pressed her ass against Doc’s groin and he gave a soft moan, shifting his pelvis against her.

“Where’s that?” Carrie smiled, watching Jody’s dark head disappear under the covers.

“I’m headin’ down yonder to fetch you outta these britches and see if I can cream your corn...”

“I have no idea what that means.” Carrie giggled, meeting Doc’s dancing gaze. Then her eyes went wide and she gave a little moan.

“I think you’re about to find out,” Doc said, then he gasped too.

“So are you,” Carrie laughed.

“Well, butter my ass and call me a biscuit.” Jody poked her head out from under the covers, grinning, looking between them. “I think I just found out what’s up, Doc.”

The End

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ABOUT SELENA KITT

Selena Kitt is a NEW YORK TIMES bestselling and award-winning author of erotic and romance fiction. She is one of the highest selling erotic writers in the business with over a million books sold!

Her writing embodies everything from the spicy to the scandalous, but watch out-this kitty also has sharp claws and her stories often include intriguing edges and twists that take readers to new, thought-provoking depths.

When she's not pawing away at her keyboard, Selena runs an innovative publishing company (excessica.com) and bookstore (excitica.com), as well as two erotica and erotic romance promotion companies (excitesteam.com and excitespice.com).

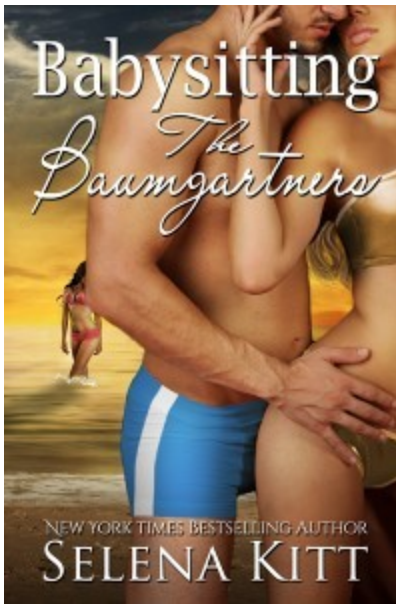
Her books EcoErotica (2009), The Real Mother Goose (2010) and Heidi and the Kaiser (2011) were all Epic Award Finalists. Her only gay male romance, Second Chance, won the Epic Award in Erotica in 2011. Her story, Connections, was one of the runners-up for the 2006 Rauxa Prize, given annually to an erotic short story of "exceptional literary quality."

She can be reached on her website at www.selenakitt.com

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Read the uber-hot, fun-in-the-sun, coming-of-age book that started it all!

Ronnie, now a college freshman, has been babysitting for the Baumgartners so long, she's practically a member of the family.

When Mrs. Baumgartner—who insists on calling her Veronica—invites Ronnie along on their yearly vacation, the nanny jumps at the chance.

There's no way she's going to turn down an opportunity to work on her tan in the Florida Keys with Doc and Mrs. B!

But Ronnie isn't the only one with ulterior motives.

The young co-ed discovers that the Baumgartners have wayward plans for their au pair that are going to lead places she could have only imagined.

Note: This wicked hot sun and sand coming of age story will seduce you as quickly as the Baumgartners seduce innocent Ronnie and leave everyone yearning for more!

Excerpt From BABYSITTING THE BAUMGARTNERS:

When my legs felt steady enough to hold me, I got out of the shower and dried off, wrapping myself in one of the big white bath sheets. My room was across the hall from the bathroom, and the Baumgartner's was the next room over. The kids' rooms were at the other end of the hallway.

As I made my way across the hall, I heard Mrs. B's voice from behind their door. "You want that tight little nineteen-year-old pussy, Doc?"

I stopped, my heart leaping, my breath caught. Oh my God. Were they talking about me? He said something, but it was low, and I couldn't quite make it out. Then she said, "Just wait until I wax it for you. It'll be soft and smooth as a baby."

Shocked, I reached down between my legs, cupping my pussy as if to protect it, standing there transfixed, listening. I stepped closer to their door, seeing it wasn't completely closed, still trying to hear what they were saying. There wasn't any noise, now.

"Oh God!" I heard him groan. "Suck it harder."

My eyes wide, I felt the pulse returning between my thighs, a slow, steady heat. Was she sucking his cock? I remembered what it looked like in his hand— even from a distance, I could tell it was big— much bigger than any of the boys I'd ever been with.

"Ahhhh fuck, Carrie!" He moaned. I bit my lip, hearing Mrs. B's first name felt so wrong, somehow. "Take it all, baby!"

All?! My jaw dropped as I tried to imagine, pressing my hand over my throbbing mound. Mrs. B said something, but I couldn't hear it, and as I leaned toward the door, I bumped it with the towel wrapped around my hair. My hand went to my mouth and I took an involuntary step back as the door edged open just a crack. I turned to go to my room, but I knew that they would hear the sound of my door.

"You want to fuck me, baby?" she purred. "God, I'm so wet ... did you see her sweet little tits?"

"Fuck, yeah," he murmured. "I wanted to come all over them."

Hearing his voice, I stepped back toward the door, peering through the crack. The bed was behind the door, at the opposite angle, but there was a large vanity table and mirror against the other wall, and I could see them

reflected in it. Mrs. B was completely naked, kneeling over him. I saw her face, her breasts swinging as she took him into her mouth. His cock stood straight up in the air.

“She’s got beautiful tits, doesn’t she?” Mrs. B ran her tongue up and down the shaft.

“Yeah.” His hand moved in her hair, pressing her down onto his cock. “I want to see her little pussy so bad. God, she’s so beautiful.”

“Do you want to see me eat it?” She moved up onto him, still stroking his cock. “Do you want to watch me lick that sweet, shaved cunt?”

I pressed a cool palm to my flushed cheek, but my other hand rubbed the towel between my legs as I watched. I’d never heard anyone say that word out loud and it both shocked and excited me.

“Oh God, yeah!” He grabbed her tits as they swayed over him. I saw her riding him, and knew he must be inside of her. “I want inside her tight little cunt.”

I moved the towel aside and slipped my fingers between my lips.

He’s talking about me!

The thought made my whole body tingle, and my pussy felt on fire. Already slick and wet from my orgasm in the shower, my fingers slid easily through my slit.

“I want to fuck her while she eats your pussy.” He thrust up into her, his hands gripping her hips. Her breasts swayed as they rocked together. My eyes widened at the image he conjured, but Mrs. B moaned, moving faster on top of him.

“Yeah, baby!” She leaned over, her breasts dangling in his face. His hands went to them, his mouth sucking at her nipples, making her squeal and slam down against him even harder. “You want her on her hands and knees, her tight little ass in the air?”

He groaned, and I rubbed my clit even faster as he grabbed her and practically threw her off him onto the bed. She seemed to know what he wanted, because she got onto her hands and knees and he fucked her like that, from behind. The sound of them, flesh slapping against flesh, filled the room.

They were turned toward the mirror, but Mrs. B had her face buried in her arms, her ass lifted high in the air. Doc’s eyes looked down between their legs, like he was watching himself slide in and out of her.

“Fuck!” Mrs. B’s voice was muffled. “Oh fuck, Doc! Make me come!”

He grunted and drove into her harder. I watched her shudder and grab the covers in her fists. He didn’t stop, though— his hands grabbed her hips and he worked himself into her over and over. I felt weak-kneed and full of heat, my fingers rubbing my aching clit in fast little circles. Mrs. B’s orgasm had almost sent me right over the edge. I was very, very close.

“That tight nineteen-year-old cunt!” He shoved into her. “I want to taste her.” He slammed into her again. “Fuck her.” And again. “Make her come.” And again. “Make her scream until she can’t take anymore.”

I leaned my forehead against the doorjamb for support, trying to control how fast my breath was coming, how fast my climax was coming, but I couldn’t. I whimpered, watching him fuck her and knowing he was imagining me ... me!

“Come here.” He pulled out and Mrs. B turned around like she knew what he wanted. “Swallow it.”

He knelt up on the bed as she pumped and sucked at his cock. I saw the first spurt land against her cheek, a thick white strand of cum, and then she covered the head with her mouth and swallowed, making soft mewling noises in her throat. I came then, too, shuddering and shivering against the doorframe, biting my lip to keep from crying out.

When I opened my eyes and came to my senses, Mrs. B was still on her hands and knees, focused between his legs— but Doc was looking right at me, his dark eyes on mine.

He saw me. For the second time today— he saw me.

My hand flew to my mouth and I stumbled back, fumbling for the doorknob behind me I knew was there. I finally found it, slipping into my room and shutting the door behind me. I leaned against it, my heart pounding, my pussy dripping, and wondered what I was going to do now.

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